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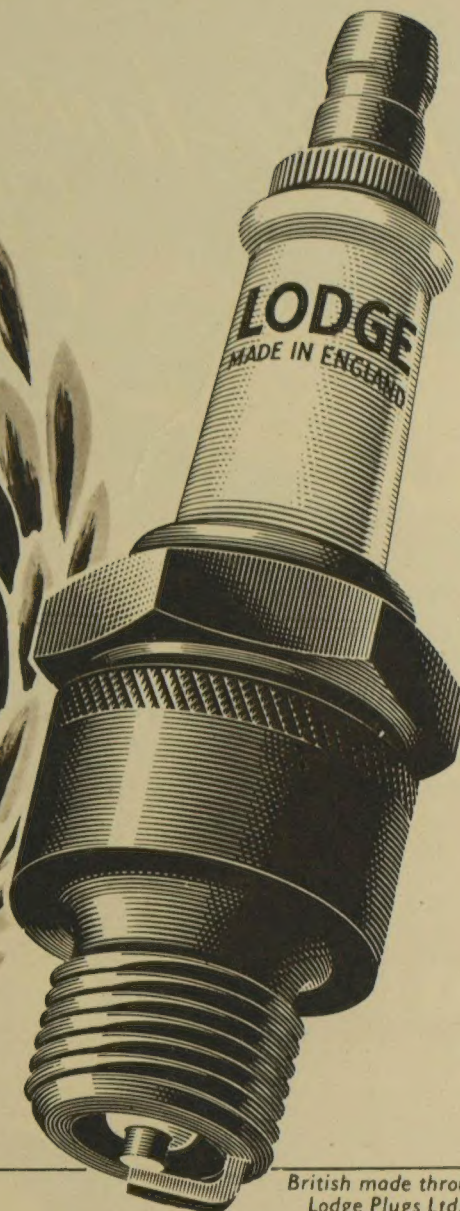


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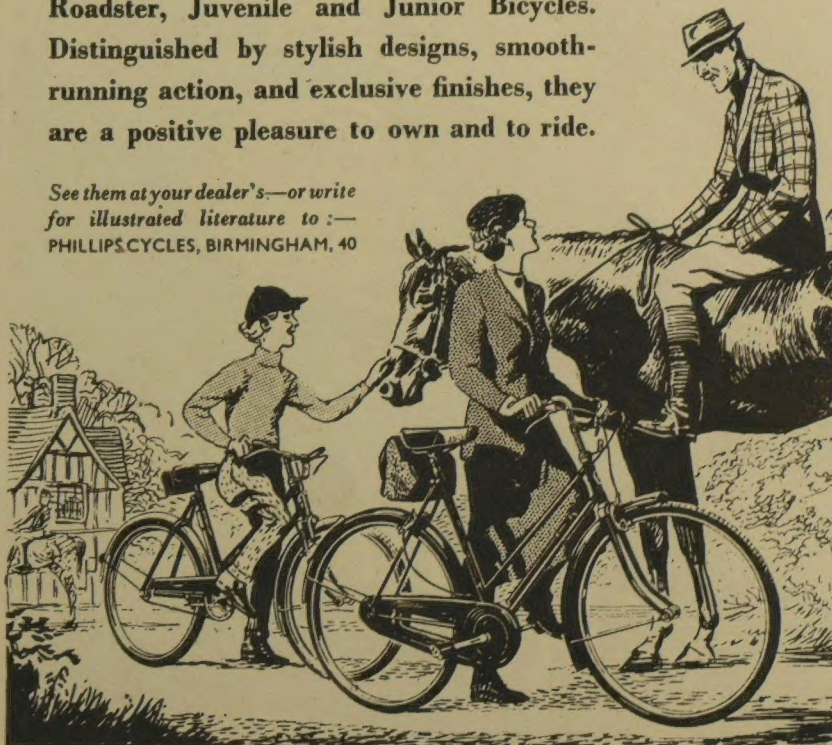
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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1952.



GENERAL EISENHOWER BIDS FAREWELL TO U.S. TROOPS IN GERMANY: THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF N.A.T.O. FORCES IN EUROPE TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE FRANKFURT REVIEW.

General Eisenhower's farewell visit to allied troops in Germany ended on April 30, when he reviewed 4000 American officers and men in the Victory Stadium at Frankfurt. He was received with a seventeen-gun salute, and welcomed by a distinguished company which included General Thomas Handy, C-in-C. Troops of the European Command; Lieut.-General Manton Eddy, commander of the Seventh Army, and the American High Commissioner and Mrs. McCloy. Mrs. Eisenhower was also present. In wishing the troops

"good-bye and good luck," General Eisenhower said that they were proud representatives of freedom who had come to Europe to uphold the Western way of life. On the day of the review General Eisenhower's overwhelming victory over Senator Taft in the Massachusetts primary was announced, in which he received large and unexpected support from Democrats. Our photograph shows the General in the centre of the platform taking the salute. He arranged to return to Bonn from Paris on May 2 to meet the German Chancellor.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE beauty of a city lies, I suppose, in four things: its natural situation, its buildings, its trees and gardens, and its people. Once upon a time—long before I or any living man was born—London was beautiful on all these four counts. Until the latter part of the eighteenth century it lay along one bank of the Thames only—a clear stream bordered by meadows and trees on its southern shore and famous for its swans and water pageants. With its hundreds of spires and church towers and its great cathedral on a hill, it was framed against the wooded background of Hampstead and Highgate, which lay a mile or two to the north of its last houses. It stretched from the Tower in the east to Westminster in the west, where it ended abruptly in the wooded groves of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Its situation was not spectacular like that of Edinburgh or Florence, Oxford or Jerusalem, but the first sight of it, seen from the northern heights, or from Shooter's Hill and Blackheath, was sufficient to cause travellers to pause in wonder and catch their breath. Even in the early nineteenth century, within the lifetime of the fathers of men still living, it could do this:

A mighty mass of brick, and
smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as
wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there
a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst
the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples
peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-
coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a fools-
cap crown
On a fool's head—and there is
London Town!

That was how Byron's "Don Juan" saw it, in the last generation before it first disappeared into its murky, immeasurable Victorian sprawl.

It was still lovely in those days, too, for its buildings. To-day it possesses many beautiful buildings, yet, except in a few rapidly vanishing streets and squares, these are individual buildings only, like St. Paul's or Inigo Jones's banqueting-hall or the exquisite Georgian houses isolated in Cavendish Square. On the whole, one cannot say that modern London is architecturally beautiful; one can only say it is architecturally interesting. Even the blitzes of 1940-41 and 1944 failed to make it much less beautiful in this respect, for nineteenth- and twentieth-century "progress" and commerce had already deprived it of nearly all its former loveliness. One has only to look at a Canaletto or a Samuel Scott picture of the eighteenth-century river scene or a street view in an engraving made before 1830 to realise just how much has been lost. Which was the lovelier—the red brick city which Wren and his disciples and imitators built and which Mr. Summerson has so learnedly and sympathetically described, or the mediæval and Tudor town which stood there before it—we cannot hope to decide, though I suspect the former. But both must have been magnificent, beyond our conceiving. There can be nothing like them anywhere in the world to-day.

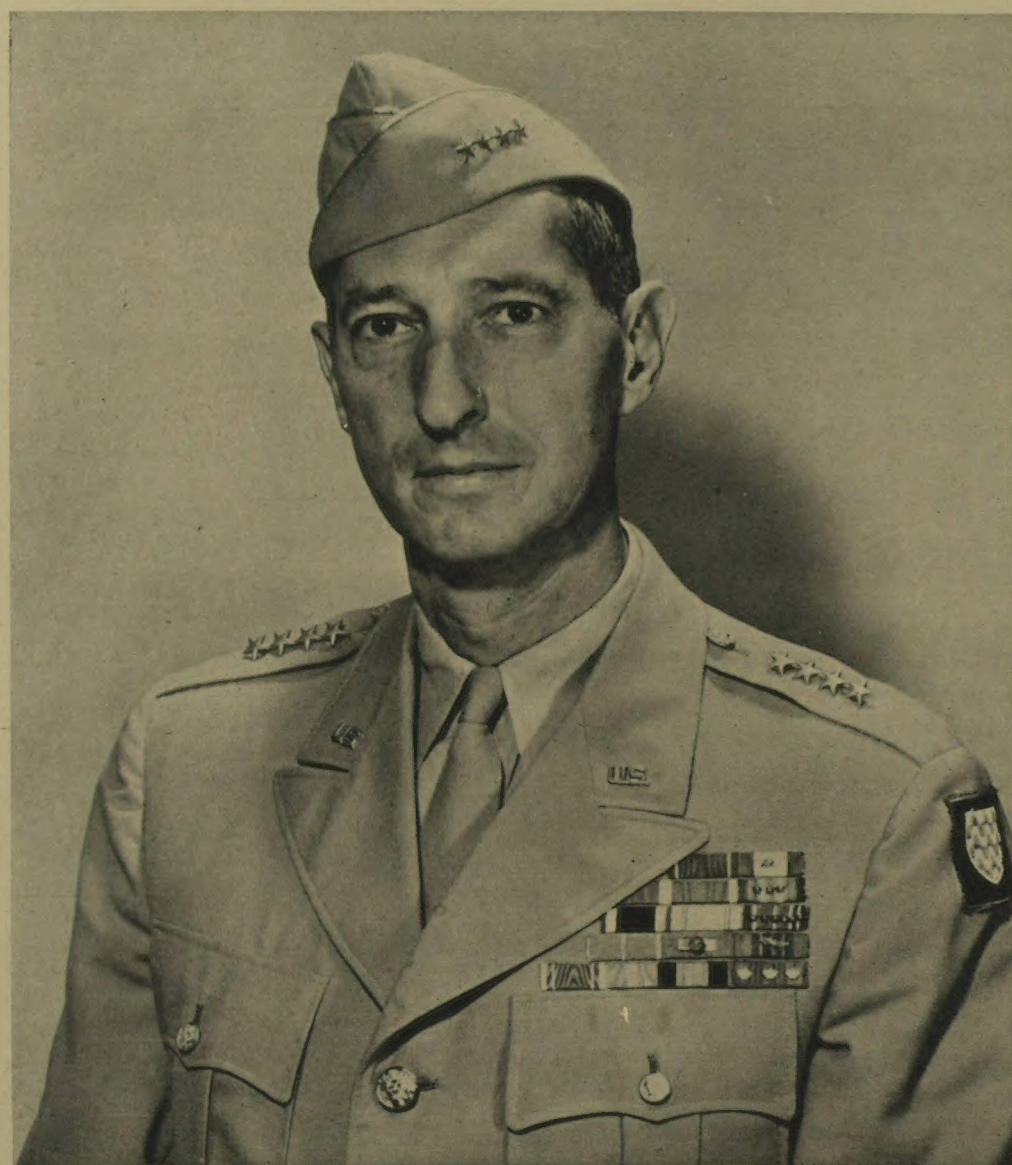
Even more completely have we lost the beauty with which human dress once invested our capital. Despite the attendant rags and squalor and the often unshaven faces, the colour and contrast of the clothes in a mediæval or Stuart or eighteenth-century main thoroughfare must have been dazzling. In the latter Middle Ages even sober merchants and shopkeepers wore velvets and fine furs and ermines and hung themselves with gold and jewelled chains. Think of Mr. Pepys, or of Boswell a century later, going abroad through our murky northern capital in the wonderful embroidered and flowered suits they took such delight in describing in their journals! The Queen's daughter in raiment of needlework can have been nothing to it. And, so far as clothes were concerned, there were thousands of Pepyses and Boswells, all dressed by master craftsmen like the Tailor of Gloucester.

Even perhaps lovelier were the coaches and chariots in which they and their like drove about the streets. Pepys' coach, it may be remembered, was emblazoned all over with paintings of "fair harbours, forts and ships a'fighting on all its panels." I can still remember, as a boy, seeing the wonderful coaches that came out of a neighbouring livery stable on the morning of Royal levees, in which peers and other members of the surviving ornamental classes then drove to St. James's. One saw the emurpled, funeral wraith of that vanished splendour and beauty in the mourning coach that followed our late Sovereign's corpse on its sad journey from Westminster to Paddington: the nodding plumes and tall scarlet footmen floating mysteriously and majestically above the heads of the drab, watching crowd. Only at moments of isolated national pageantry, like the beautiful Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade, can one form any conception of what men and women once made of London's streets.

Even in more recent times, though the brilliant colours had long vanished, London owed something to the beauty of its wealthier citizens' clothes. For those of us who saw it in the dawn of the present hurried and ugly century, the sight can never be wholly forgotten of the entrance to Hyde Park on a summer's evening at the height of the season: the glossy, wonderfully turned-out horses and equipages, the immaculate men and gorgeously dressed women who paraded their wealth [and elegance for all the world to see. Something has been lost with snobbery: something without which, for all the absurdity and occasional cruelty of the latter, the world is, to that extent, the drabber and poorer. And what I saw as a boy, on the pavements of St. James's Street or Pall Mall, was only the pale reflection of the shining and dandaical glories of the nineteenth-century West End. In his wise, nostalgic and strangely tragic book, "Four Studies in Loyalty"—one of the most brilliant and perceptive written in our time—my friend Christopher Sykes describes a famous "heavy swell" of the mid-Victorian era, his "silk hat, lapels, boots, tie shining as only a dandy's can shine."* I, for one—the least dandaical and untidiest of men—am sorry that figure has passed away. For all its shortcomings and absurdities, it was the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. It is well worth, as we shall rediscover one day, doing whatever one has to do, with all the power of heart, hand and mind. Sloppiness is a sign of defeat: of a flag run down.

Yet one beauty remains to London—one which owes little to our own age, for in most of the newer, outer districts it does not exist, though the

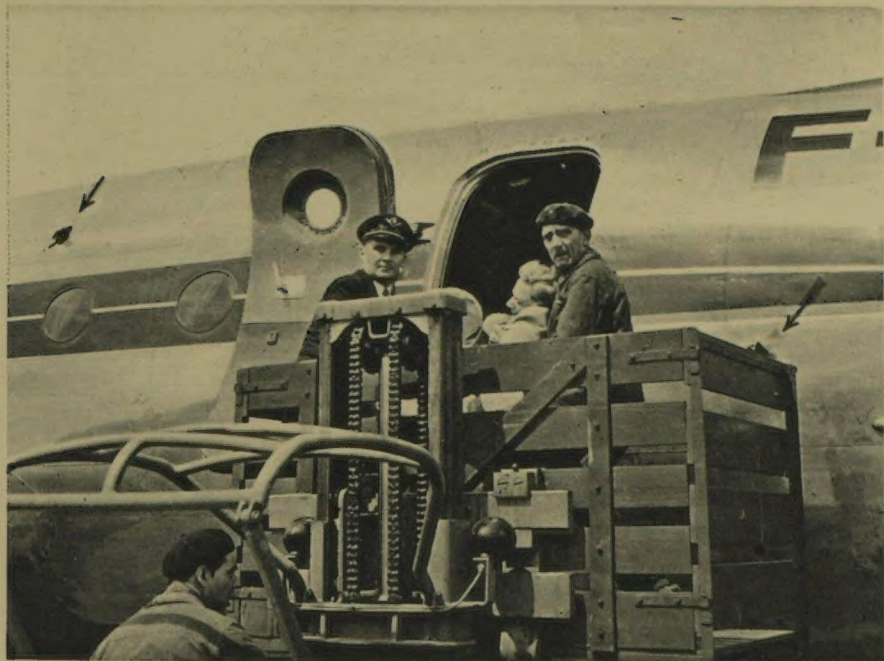
opportunities for creating it have been manifold. I am thinking of the beauty of its central parks and trees. There can be few places left to-day in southern England where the trees are as magnificent as those that adorn Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. To look out at them, in this first flush of summer, is to be awed by such luxuriant loveliness, then filled with gratitude to our ancestors who planned and planted so wisely and generously. When I was a boy, such a wealth of fine trees was a common spectacle in our rustic landscape; now, I am afraid, outside woods, it is a very rare one, and every year becoming rarer. But in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens we are privileged to see trees creating landscape as they did in Constable's day: a spectacle which for sheer loveliness, in the first sheen of young leaves and chestnut bloom, cannot be surpassed by any in the world. Despite our shabby clothes, shambling gait and querulous, unhealthy faces, we—the third-class passengers of a half-bankrupt Welfare State—suddenly, for a few weeks, become possessed of a treasure more wonderful than that enjoyed by any Eastern emperor—or dictator! I am going to lay down my pen this very instant and, in my ancient, deplorable clothes, shuffle up the road to look at it.



TO SUCCEED GENERAL M. RIDGWAY AS UNITED NATIONS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN KOREA: GENERAL MARK CLARK, AT PRESENT COMMANDER OF ARMY FIELD FORCES IN THE UNITED STATES.

It was announced on April 28 that President Truman had appointed General Mark Clark, Chief of the United States Army Field Forces since 1949, as Supreme Allied Commander in the Far East in succession to General Matthew Ridgway, who is to be Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. General Mark Clark, who is fifty-six, commanded U.S. troops in Europe in World War II, and led the U.S. Fifth Army in Italy. He is well known for his secret mission by submarine to North Africa a few weeks before the 1942 invasion. General Clark was the first United States High Commissioner in Austria, and took part in the Moscow Conference in 1947. Announcing General Clark's new appointment, President Truman stressed that he would continue General Ridgway's policies in Korea, "including, if possible, the achievement of an honourable armistice."

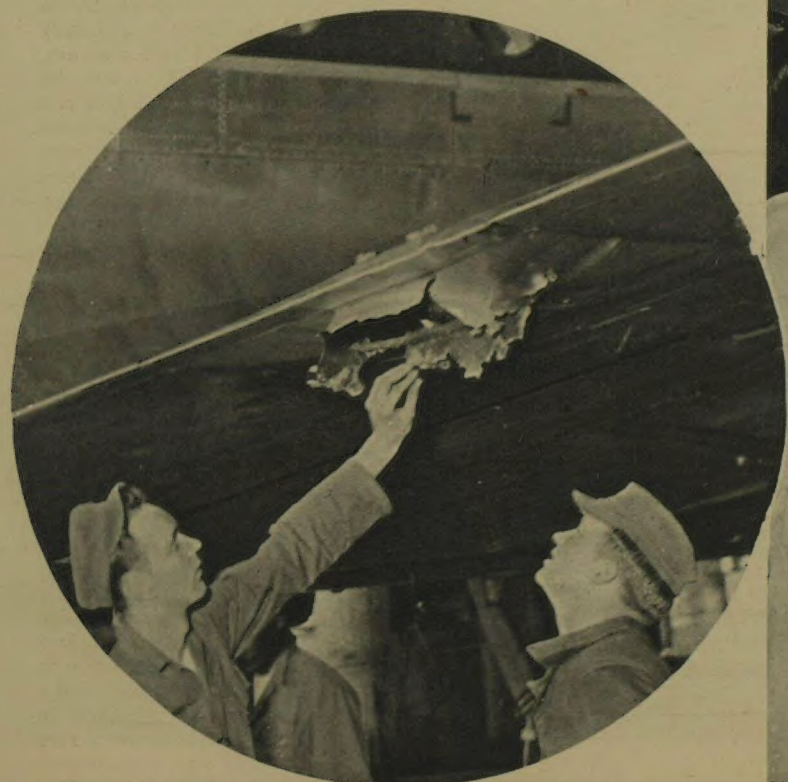
* "Four Studies in Loyalty," By Christopher Sykes. (Collins, 1946.)



INJURED WHEN THE FRENCH AIRLINER IN WHICH SHE WAS TRAVELLING WAS ATTACKED BY SOVIET JET FIGHTERS: FRAU NEBEL, A GERMAN WOMAN, BEING CARRIED FROM THE DAMAGED AIRCRAFT. TWO HOLES IN THE AIRCRAFT ARE ARROWED.



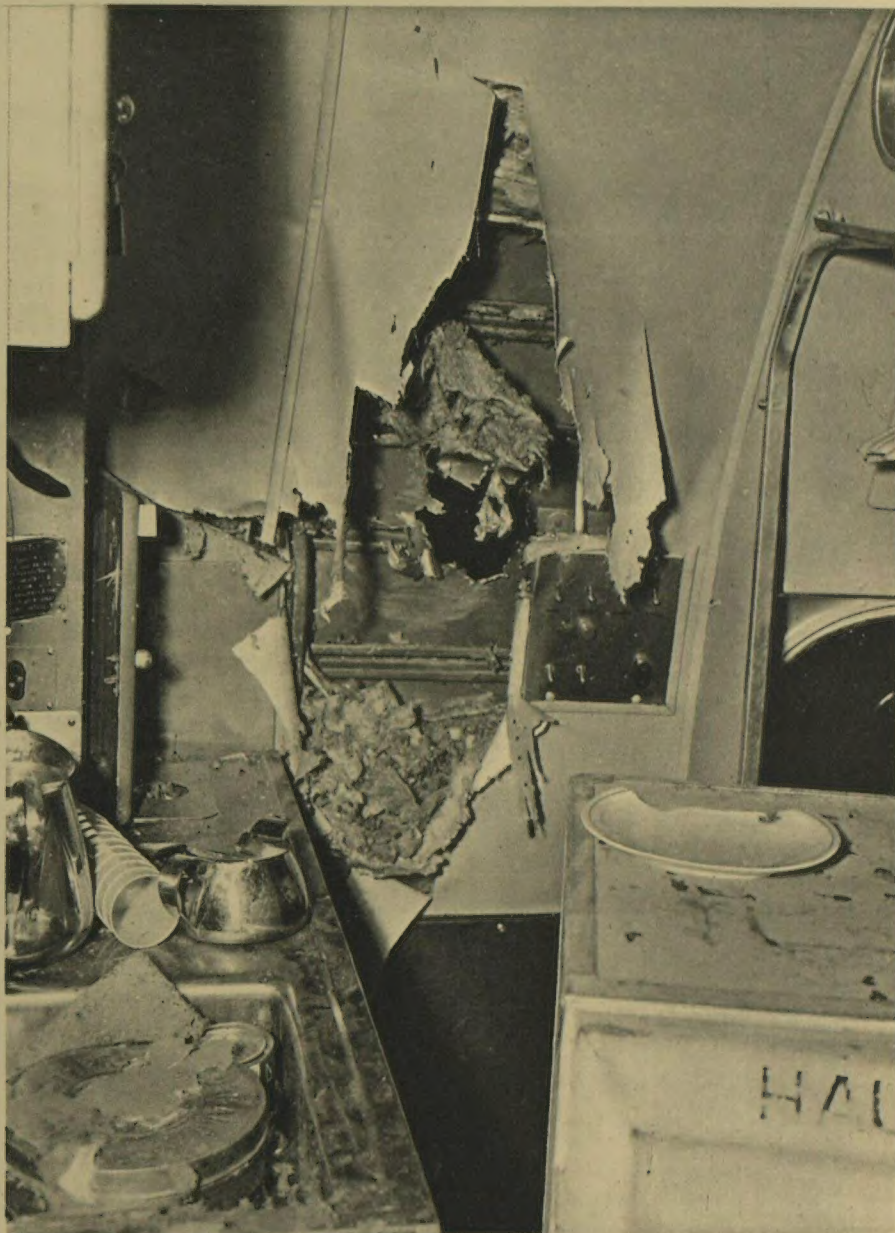
BEING CARRIED TO AN AMBULANCE: HERR WALTER KURTH, OF HAMBURG, WHO WAS ONE OF THE TWO PASSENGERS WOUNDED DURING THE SOVIET ATTACK ON THE FRENCH AIRLINER.



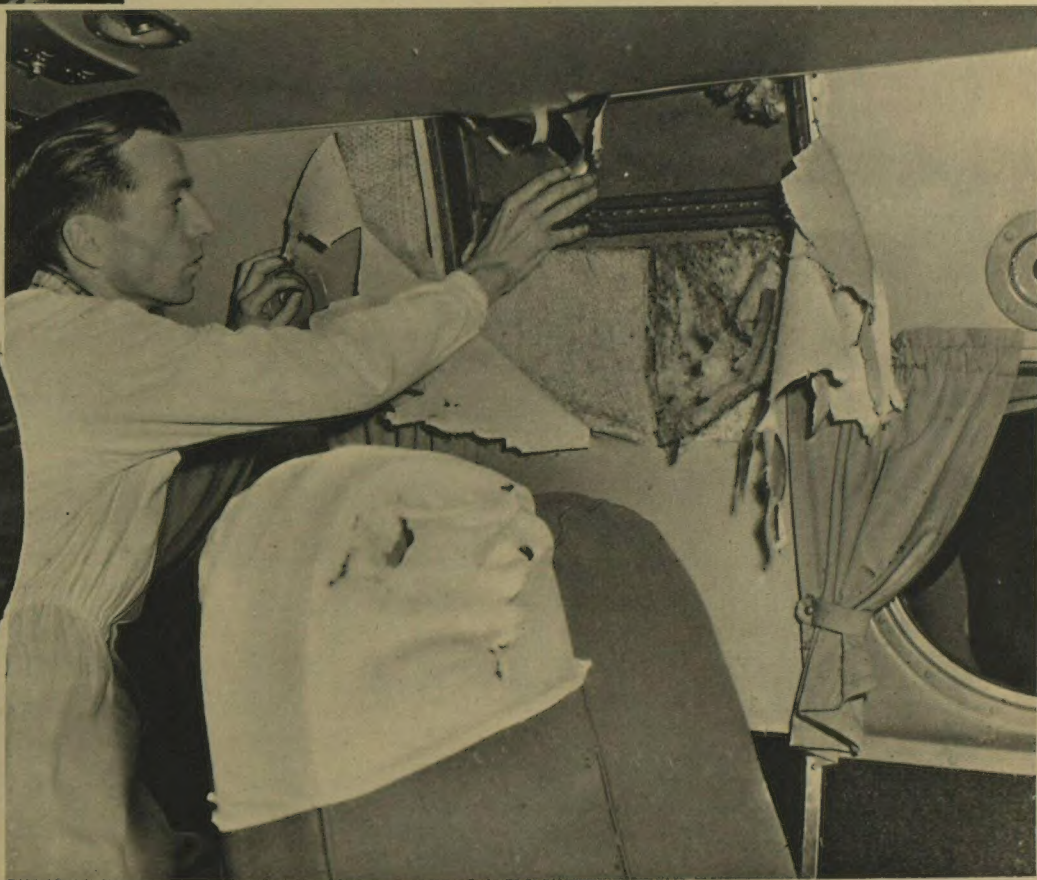
EXAMINING THE AIRCRAFT AFTER IT HAD LANDED AT TEMPELHOF: MEMBERS OF THE GROUND STAFF LOOKING AT THE DAMAGE.

On April 29 a French airliner on a routine flight from Frankfurt to Berlin was attacked with cannon and machine-gun fire by two Soviet jet fighters. The aircraft, clearly marked, was carrying twelve passengers and a crew of five. It was hit by about fifty machine-gun bullets and four cannon shells. Before the shooting, the *Skymaster*, which was flying at 5,000 ft., was forced down by the fighters to 2,500 ft. During the attack the steward ordered the passengers to lie on the floor. Though the petrol tank was punctured and ailerons were damaged, the

ATTACKED BY SOVIET JET FIGHTERS DURING A ROUTINE FLIGHT: A FRENCH AIRLINER.



THE JAGGED HOLE IN THE STEWARD'S PANTRY: A VIEW OF THE DAMAGED INTERIOR. THE STEWARD RECEIVED SPLINTER WOUNDS IN KNEE AND THIGH.



THE SEAT IN WHICH ONE OF THE WOUNDED PASSENGERS WAS SITTING: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE DAMAGED AIRLINER. MOST OF THE SHOTS HIT THE PASSENGERS' COMPARTMENT.

pilot landed the aircraft safely at the Tempelhof airfield in Berlin. As will be seen from the photographs on this page, the airliner had long, jagged holes in the fuselage, one near the steward's pantry. On the day of the incident the three Allied Commandants of Berlin delivered an energetic protest to General Chuikov, C.-in-C. of the Russian occupation forces and head of the Soviet Control Commission. On April 30 no answer had been received and a second Note was dispatched. Soviet authorities alleged that the aircraft left the air corridor.



BRITISH CIVIL AVIATION: SOME NEW AND ESTABLISHED TYPES OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT WHICH

It is rightly claimed that no country has equalled Great Britain in the development of turbo-jet and turbo-prop aircraft engines; and this development is already reflected in the advent of modern commercial aircraft with propulsion units of these kinds; an advent which may well give this country the lead in civil aviation and in the manufacture of civil aircraft. Already the outstanding de Havilland Comet has gone into service after having concluded her very exhaustive proving tests. This beautiful aircraft, with her four D.H. Ghost turbo-jets, has the phenomenal speed of nearly 500 m.p.h. and, with her pressurised cabin, easily leads the world as a passenger-carrying jet aircraft. The new Vickers-Armstrong

Viscounts (known as the "Discovery" class by British European Airways) are outstanding aircraft with turbo-prop power, having four Rolls-Royce Dart engines, whose efficiency has been proved by lengthy tests. Also ordered for the "Shapell" aircraft ever produced. These are known as the "Elizabethan" class and some are already in service. Other turbo-prop airliners are the Armstrong-Whitworth Apollo, which is capable of carrying loads, according to design, of between twenty-six and forty-one passengers; and the Handley Page Hermes, a larger aircraft, designed for either piston engines or turbo-prop.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



ARE WINNING FOR THIS COUNTRY THE LEAD IN CIVIL AVIATION DESIGN AND PRACTICE.

Another experimental airliner with jet engines, the Avro Canada, is the first jet-driven civil aircraft to fly in the American continent. The Bristol 175 is another extremely interesting type, of which B.O.A.C. ordered twenty-five in July, 1949. In the Bristol Brabazon and the Princess flying-boat we possess two of the largest civil aircraft in the world. Their future is somewhat doubtful, but it is known that the huge Princess, on completion by Saunders-Roe, will be taken over by the R.A.F. for troop-carrying and other duties. One of the most successful cargo-carrying designs is the Bristol 170 Freighter, a type now in operation all over the world: for example, in Australia, where it is used for a

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

meat-carrying service; and, nearer home, in car-ferry services. The smaller aircraft shown are of considerable interest. With their differing sizes, carrying capacities, speed and engine power, they serve a variety of purposes and a number of shorter or less crowded routes. They can also make use of smaller landing facilities; and in this connection the Short Sealand amphibian is of special interest. Helicopters are also included, as it appears that this type of aircraft will inevitably in the near future be playing an increasingly important part in internal air services, both for inter-city transport and also in the capacity of feeders to the great trunk lines of international air transport.

HALF-WAY ROUND THE WORLD IN FOUR AND A HALF DAYS:



In a previous issue we mentioned that our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, had recently returned from an air tour which had taken in Ceylon, Bangkok, Singapore, several places in Australia, and a brief visit to Papua; and some of the drawings which he made on this tour have already appeared in *The Illustrated London News*. Here we show some pages from his notebook, gathered together to

illustrate his journey to Australia—illustrations not so much of what the air traveller sees, but what he does in the four-and-a-half days required for the magic carpet of to-day to transport him from Heathrow, London, to Macao, Sydney. He travelled from London to Singapore by B.O.A.C. in an Argonaut (a 40-seater *Canadair* aircraft); from Singapore to Sydney by QANTAS Empire Airways in

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

LONDON—SYDNEY BY AIR—PAGES FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK.



"NO SMOKING—FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS." (4) SETTLING DOWN FOR THE NIGHT IN THE COMFORTABLY TILTED SEATS. (5) ALWAYS EMPTY YOUR POCKET-PEN BEFORE LEAVING—THE PRESERVATION CAN CAUSE SINGAPORE—THE "CLASHING JUNCTION" OF THE AIRWAYS OF THE FAR EAST—"ALL CHANGE FOR SYDNEY, TOKYO, BANGKOK AND HONG KONG." (6) LEAVE YOUR SOLAR TOPES AT HOME—IT'S "OLD HAT" NOW AT AUSTRALIA—AND THE STEWARDESSES BRING YOU A HEAP OF PORES TO FILL IN. (12) WEIGHING-UP AT MACAOITE AIRPORT, SYDNEY—YOU HAVE ARRIVED.

a *Constellation*. B.O.A.C. also operate this route as a through route in *Constellations*. Of the five nights in the four-and-a-half-day trip, three were spent in the air (over Europe, Mesopotamia and Australia), two in hotels at Colombo and Singapore. Meals were sometimes taken at the refuelling points, which included, besides those mentioned, Rome, Beirut, Basra, Karachi, Djakarta

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

and Darwin; but most of the meals, which were excellent and included cocktails or sherry and table wine, were taken in the comfort of the aircraft. The greater part of the journey was flown at about 15,000 ft., and since at this height there is little to see to divert the eye, the comfort and contentment of the passenger are naturally the paramount considerations of the airline operators.

THE CRITIC OF CRICKET.

"CRICKET ALL THE YEAR"; By NEVILLE CARDUS.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE title of this book may puzzle people at first sight; the simple explanation is that the most famous of contemporary writers about cricket happened to spend our winter, and their summer, in Australia, when our last gallant and unfortunate side, under its indomitable captain, Mr. F. R. Brown, went out to cope with the Australians. A Highlander told me long ago that I could follow the strawberries for a large part of the year by beginning the spring on the Riviera and finishing it, climbing with the climbing



"RARE GEORGE GUNN. WE SHALL NOT LOOK ON HIS LIKE AGAIN."

sun, in the Shetlands. The suggestion didn't interest me at all. I don't like buying woolly "overseas" apples in February: the pale, early, forced sticks of asparagus do not interest me; the first new potatoes from Morocco, for all their beautiful resemblance in surface and texture to Carrara marble, leave me cold as that marble itself; I am grateful to the Almighty for the four seasons, and like all things in their season. But we

cannot help the existence of a southern hemisphere, where the Christmas dinners are eaten in a December midsummer, where the Christmas cards of robins in the snow should logically be replaced by Christmas cards of kangaroos in the sun, and where cricket is played when historic European man is shivering with the robins. And Mr. Cardus went there with Mr. Brown's team.

Not all his book is occupied with his account of that tour. There are preliminary chapters about youthful memories, places like Trent Bridge, and great cricketers like Miller, Bradman, Sims and Rhodes, whose personality is produced with a Boswellian vividness. These chapters are full of anecdote. Here is a characteristic one about George Gunn: "Again—at Trent Bridge: Middlesex v. Nottinghamshire. At six o'clock on Saturday George was 90 not out and he had been enjoying an indolent but ornamental innings. The position of his county was now reasonably secure. R. W. V. Robins observed that George was wearing a thoughtful expression as the field changed over. 'What's the matter, George?' he asked. 'You seem to have something on your mind.' 'As a matter of fact, Mr. Robins,' replied George, 'I have. I can't decide whether to get out to-night and come on Monday mornin' and sit and watch with missis till we declare. I'm not sure yet if we've enough runs on board.'

"Well, George," said Robins, 'when you have made up your mind, will you let me know?' 'Yes, Mr. Robins, I'll let you know,' said George, and a quarter of an hour later, when the field was crossing over again, he motioned to Robins, saying: 'I've made my mind up. It's all right now, so I'm gettin' out soon.' So Robins, who had so far bowled many overs for no wickets, went straight to his captain, F. T. Mann, and asked to be put on at the pavilion end. The wish was granted, and Robins knew, of course, that nothing more than a straight one was necessary."

After the salt of these early chapters comes the rigour of an Australian tour. We did not send a very

strong side out. There was a strong element of youth in it: and all the journalists here who, if seasoned elevens are chosen, always clamour for "young blood," at once started carping because the players weren't sufficiently experienced. Test Match by Test Match is described here in such a way that we recover the primal excitement. England had no luck. There were illnesses and injuries: Brown himself, who, with Hutton, carried the side, got damaged in a car accident. Compton was so completely out of form that his Test Match average was 7.57, with 23 as his top score. Weather and wickets backed the home side. But it was a near thing, with the last match an overwhelming victory for England. The better side won, it must be admitted; but it was the better of two mediocre sides. We must wait until next year before we know what sort of team Australia can now produce: she has a way of producing prodigious youngsters from her sleeve. And, during this year's matches against India, we may learn something about our own two-year-olds. May Mr. Cardus, before the summer is over, describe these forthcoming matches and tell us what he thinks of the young entry.

Mr. Cardus has always been praised, and rightly, for the charm and concision of his prose: his careful descriptions of background and human movement, his "nice derangement of epitaphs." Since Walkley wrote his dramatic criticisms for *The Times*, producing columns "the next morning" which read as though they were the easy product of a week's meditation, there have been few literary journalists who have contrived as well as Mr. Cardus to give the air of leisurely polish to their hasty effusions. This book has been written as a book; under pressure, it seems, quite justifiable, on the part of a publisher who refused to be put off by the suggestion of "a short history of Modal Polyphony." But were the book merely an assemblage of newspaper articles written for the morning's public it would have the same considered air. Mr. Cardus has always followed Catullus's practice of polishing with pumice-stone, even if time was short.

This book has all the old elegance. It has also some of the old references to music. Mr. Cardus at one time combined the offices of cricket critic and

for?" I hadn't the happiness of reading Mr. Cardus's musical criticisms. But if he wrote them in a similarly ambidextrous way I can only suppose that he occasionally bewildered the strictly musical public with phrases like: "Here Chopin, with a minimum of effort, enchants us with a series of effortless leg glides"; or (in reference to the last pæan of the Ninth Symphony) "At this point Beethoven began belting the ball all over the ground for fours and sixes in such a way that the captain of the audience, even had he had twenty-two players at his disposal, simply wouldn't have known how and where to place his field." Musical references do creep into this book here and there: Mr. Cardus wouldn't be Mr. Cardus without them.

MR. NEVILLE CARDUS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Neville Cardus, the well-known music critic and writer on cricket, was born in 1889 and educated in Manchester and abroad. He was music critic and cricket writer to the *Manchester Guardian* from 1919 to 1939; and the *Sydney Morning Herald* from 1941 to 1947. His many books include: "A Cricketer's Book" (1921); "Ten Composers" (1945); "Second Innings: More Autobiography" (1950).



COMPTON IS NOT OUT. "DENIS COMPTON CONTRIBUTES TO ENGLISH LIFE AND HOLIDAY AT THE CROWN OF THE YEAR; HE IS PART OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER. IN SPITE OF HIS CONQUESTS, HIS RECORD AND SCORES, HIS CRICKET HAS ALWAYS CONTAINED THAT HINT OF BREVITY WHICH IS THE LOVELIEST THING IN THE SUMMER'S LEASE."

But he has mellowed and found himself, and no longer finds it necessary to remind us that cricket is not the only art with which he is familiar. He need never have been self-conscious at all: he was born to write, with exactitude, about the things he loved, as surely as was Hazlitt; and his talent much resembles Hazlitt's.

If, as he told his publisher before this last product of his muse, he is tired of writing about cricket, I can only suggest that he starts writing about something else.

Wherever that vigilant eye was directed it would find something worthy of notice and demanding exact and affectionate description, were it but a derelict hulk in an estuary or a beetle under a stone. Let him, if he wishes, give up writing about international and county cricket; but let him, at all costs, write about something. And the first thing which occurs to me is country-house and village cricket. He won't find the tedium and the too-perfect wickets, of which the popular Press makes so great complaint, in the countryside. There the national game is still the national game, there are still no gates (though occasionally a collection for an umpire's new coat or re-turfing), and there the Jessops of old would still find themselves entirely at home.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 814 of this issue.



MILLER, CAUGHT AND BOWLED BROWN, IN THE FIFTH TEST AT MELBOURNE, 1951. BROWN GOT HIM OUT IN THIS WAY IN BOTH INNINGS OF THIS MATCH.



"THE embonpointment OF GALLANT AND CHALLENGING SPORTSMANSHIP": F. R. BROWN, WHO CAN BE SEEN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH DRIVING TO LEG.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Cricket All the Year"; by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Collins.

musical critic on an illustrious newspaper. Time was when he got the things so involved that I used to picture to myself a rustic pro. saying to another: "Oo's this 'ere Mozart that this bloke says I reminds 'im of?" or "Blimey, Joe, wot county did this 'ere Bach play

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR IAN JACOB.
Appointed Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence and Deputy Secretary (Military) of the Cabinet with the rank of Lieut.-General, Sir Ian Jacob has been temporarily released from his post as Director Overseas Services, B.B.C. He was Military Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet from 1939 to 1946.



SIR ALAN ANDERSON.
Died on May 4, aged seventy-five. A director of the Orient, P. & O., and the British India shipping lines, and Hon. President of the International Chamber of Commerce. During World War II, he was chairman of the Railway Executive and Controller of Railways at the Ministry of War Transport from 1941 to 1945.



A CAIRO RECEPTION: H.M. QUEEN NARRIMAN OF EGYPT, WITH WIVES OF MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH DELEGATION IN EGYPT AT THE END OF APRIL.
King Faruk of Egypt entertained Spanish guests at a luncheon in Cairo on April 26. The Spaniards have been on a goodwill tour of Arab countries. Our photograph shows Queen Narriman with wives of members of the Spanish delegation. The group includes (l. to r.) Princesses Fewkieh, Fawzieh and Faiza (sisters of King Faruk); Señora de la Barzenas (wife of the Spanish Ambassador in Cairo); Señora Alberto Artajo; Queen Narriman; and the Marchioness de Villaverde (General Franco's daughter).



MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. URQUHART.
To be General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, British Troops in Austria, with effect from July, 1952. He has been G.O.C. Malaya since August, 1950. General Urquhart, who is fifty, commanded the 1st Airborne Division in the Battle of Arnhem. He won the D.S.O. in North Africa and a bar to it in Sicily.



MR. T. A. FOX.
Retained the title which he gained last year by easily winning the final for the Wingfield Sculls and amateur championship, which took place over the Putney to Mortlake course on May 1. The result confirmed that T. A. Fox, of the London Rowing Club, is an amazing performer in a sculling boat, and is in a class by himself.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE SEVERN WILD FOWL TRUST: THE QUEEN (RIGHT), WITH (BEHIND HER) LT.-CDR. PETER SCOTT; AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (KNEELING, LEFT). Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove over from Badminton on April 25, with the Duke of Beaufort, to the Severn Wild Fowl Trust, Slimbridge, Glos. They were received by the Director of the Trust, Cdr. Peter Scott, and the Queen saw—among other birds—the five trumpeter swans which were presented to her during her Canadian tour. The little girl to the left of her Majesty is the daughter of Lt.-Cdr. Scott; and the Duke of Beaufort is in the background (felt hat).



A CONCERT PIANIST HONOURED BY A ROYAL VISIT: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT LEAVING MR. FRANZ OSBORN'S HOUSE. Mr. Franz Osborn, the well-known concert pianist, was honoured by a visit from H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent, who attended a private musical evening at his house on April 30. Those present included Dame Myra Hess, the pianist, Sir Malcolm Sargent, the conductor, and Mr. Benjamin Britten, the composer of "Billy Budd," "Peter Grimes," and so forth. The Earl and Countess of Harewood were also guests.



THE DOYEN OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS: PROFESSOR THE ABBÉ H. BREUIL, LECTURING RECENTLY IN LONDON. The great authority on prehistoric man and particularly on cave art, the Abbé Breuil, has been lecturing in England recently and on April 28 spoke on the "Animals of Cave Art" at the Natural History Museum in South Kensington. Since 1942, when he left Occupied France, the Abbé has spent a number of years in South Africa, and is now preparing a work on the rock paintings of Rhodesia.



THE COMING INTO FORCE OF THE JAPANESE PEACE TREATY: (L. TO R.) MR. RYUJI TAKEUCHI, MR. DULLES AND MR. ACHESON AT THE WASHINGTON CEREMONY. A brief ceremony in Washington on April 28 marked the coming into force of the Japanese Peace Treaty, and with it the restoration of Japan's sovereignty and the end of Allied occupation. The American ratification of the Treaty was formally deposited, and Mr. Acheson shook hands with Mr. Ryuji Takeuchi, who presented his credentials as Japanese Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Acheson introduced Mr. Dulles, whom he praised for his work on the Treaty.



AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS FOR HEROISM IN A VOLCANIC DISASTER: MR. GEORGE A. TAYLOR. Mr. George A. Taylor, seen in our photograph taking samples of water from a hot spring, has been awarded the George Cross for "continuous conspicuous courage" when Mount Lamington, the volcano in New Guinea, erupted last year. Mr. Taylor, who is thirty-four, is an Australian volcano expert. His dangerous work near Mount Lamington continued without intermission for months.

THE F.A. CUP FINAL—A HISTORIC MATCH.



WALKING ON TO THE GROUND BEFORE THE F.A. CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY: NEWCASTLE UNITED (STRIPED SHIRTS) AND ARSENAL, WHOM THEY BEAT BY ONE GOAL TO NIL.



G. ROBLEDO SCORES THE WINNING GOAL FOR NEWCASTLE UNITED, TO GIVE THEM THE F.A. CUP FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: HE IS BEHIND ARSENAL'S LEFT BACK, L. SMITH. J. MILBURN, NEWCASTLE CENTRE-FORWARD, IS ON THE RIGHT (FOREGROUND), AND THE BALL IS SEEN ENTERING THE NET.



MR. CHURCHILL PRESENTING THE CUP TO THE NEWCASTLE UNITED CAPTAIN, J. HARVEY: THE MATCH WAS ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING EVER PLAYED, AND ARSENAL, WHO LOST A MAN THROUGH INJURY EARLY IN THE GAME, PUT UP A SPLENDID DEFENCE.

Newcastle United won the Football Association Challenge Cup at Wembley Stadium on May 3, beating Arsenal by one goal to nil, and thus became the first club to win the trophy in successive years since Blackburn Rovers achieved this in 1890-91. The match was one of exceptional drama and excitement. Arsenal had the bad luck to lose J. Barnes, their right back, early in the game, and they put up a dogged and determined defence which roused general admiration. It was not until the eighty-fifth minute that G. Robledo scored the winning goal. The huge crowd of some 100,000 who watched the game appreciated Arsenal's courage and stout hearts, and cheered them heartily, long and loud. Mr. Churchill presented the Cup and medals, and Mr. Stanley Seymour, Newcastle's chairman-manager, said with generous candour: "We won the Cup; but Arsenal won the honours."

THE FIRST JET AIRLINER SERVICE.

On May 2 the B.O.A.C. inaugurated the first jet airliner service when a *Comet* Series I, G-ALYP, left London Airport for Johannesburg with thirty-six passengers. Three crews each took a section of the route, changes being made at Beirut and Khartoum. The schedule, which allowed for refuelling halts at Rome, Beirut, Khartoum, Entebbe (Uganda) and Livingstone, was 23 hours, 40 mins., with a flying time of 18 hours, 40 mins. The *Comet* reached Johannesburg on May 3 at 3.38 p.m. B.S.T. (2.38 p.m. South African time), having covered the distance of 6724 miles in two minutes under schedule. She cruised at heights of 35,000 ft. to 40,000 ft. at her economical cruising speed of 490 m.p.h. Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., joined her at Livingstone for the last lap. She was due to take off on the return flight at 8 a.m. B.S.T. on May 5, and to arrive at London Airport at 7.55 a.m. on May 6. The aircraft we illustrated in our last week's issue was a *Comet* Series II.



BEFORE LEAVING LONDON AIRPORT ON MAY 2: PASSENGERS GOING ABOARD THE B.O.A.C. COMET JET AIRLINER G-ALYP BEFORE SHE TOOK OFF FOR JOHANNESBURG.



THE COMET SETS OFF FROM LONDON AIRPORT FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON MAY 2: SHE ACCOMPLISHED THE JOURNEY IN 23 HOURS 38 MINS.—TWO MINUTES UNDER SCHEDULE.



WITH MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN "RECEPTION COMMITTEE" DRESSED TO REPRESENT VAN RIEBEECK AND HIS WIFE: SIR MILES THOMAS, THIRD FROM LEFT, B.O.A.C. CHAIRMAN, ON ARRIVAL AT JOHANNESBURG ON MAY 3. (Radio photograph.)

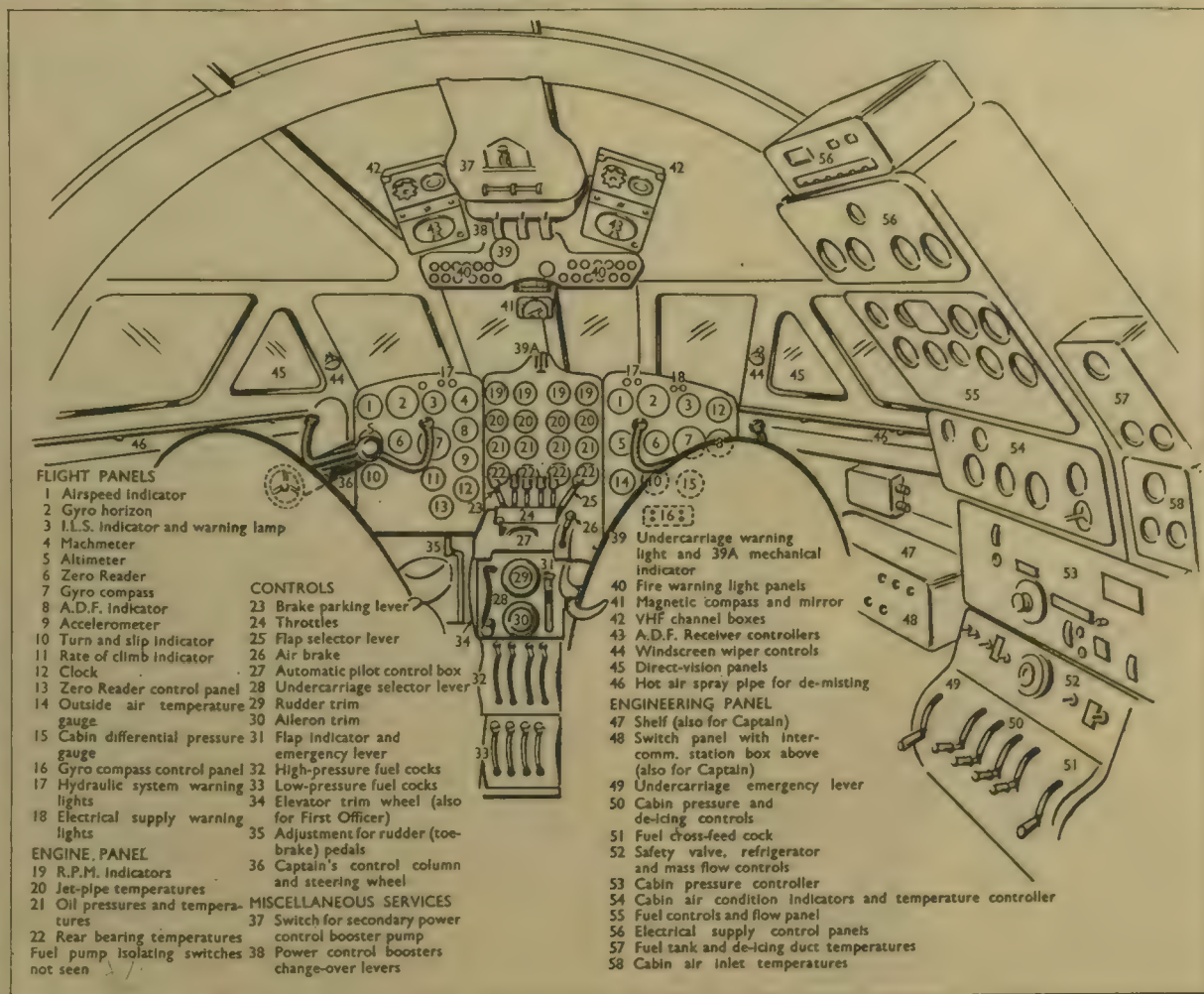
CONTROLLING THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN AIRLINER: THE COMET'S COCKPIT.



THE COCKPIT OF THE COMET: THE CONTROLS OF THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN AIRLINER, WITH WHICH THE WORLD'S FIRST REGULAR JET AIRLINER SERVICE—LONDON-JOHANNESBURG—WAS INAUGURATED ON MAY 2. A NUMBERED KEY TO THE INSTRUMENTATION AND CONTROLS IS GIVEN BELOW.

ALTHOUGH to the layman the controls of the De Havilland Comet cockpit appear complex and manifold, they do in point of fact represent a great and successful simplification. To begin with, the fact that the Comet is jet-propelled has allowed for the elimination of some fifteen separate items, each carried in quadruplicate in a major piston-engined airliner; and further, a complete mock-up of the cockpit was constructed and the opinions of experienced pilots sought on every detail, before the final arrangement was adopted. Our photograph and key show the seats of the captain and the co-pilot. The captain has the port-side (or left) seat, the co-pilot the starboard (or right) seat. The navigator sits on the port-side behind the captain, and although he normally sits facing outboard, his chair swivels fully and can be slid towards the centre position. He controls the

(Continued opposite.)



(Continued.)

No. 2 Marconi AD 7092A ADF equipment and the CL2 gyro compass. In the roof above him is the mounting for the periscopic sextant. On the starboard side, behind the co-pilot, is the radio operator, normally facing aft. He operates the Marconi AD 107 HF transmission equipment, the AD 94 MF/HF reception equipment and the No. 1 AD 7092A ADF equipment. The Engineering Panel (Nos. 47-58 on the key) can easily be handled by the co-pilot, but if desired a separate flight engineer can be accommodated in a fifth seat just behind the pilots' stations. The control cabin is conditioned and pressurised to the same degree of comfort as the main passenger cabins and there is a warm-air pipe at the feet of each pilot. Inter-communication equipment is provided and each pilot has a direct-vision panel (No. 45), which can be opened during take-off or on the approach.

THE COCKPIT OF THE COMET: A NUMBERED KEY OF THE CONTROLS OPERATED BY THE PILOT (LEFT) AND CO-PILOT (RIGHT).



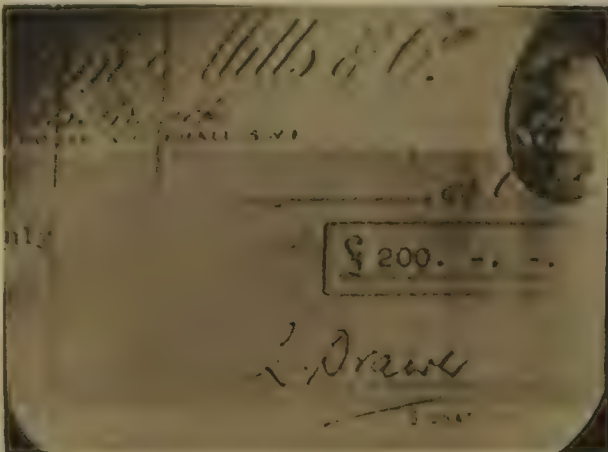
NOW INSTALLED IN THE RECONSTRUCTED MUSEUM AT LAKE NEMI: MODELS, ONE-FIFTH THE ORIGINAL SIZE, OF THE ROMAN BARGES WHICH WERE COMPLETELY DESTROYED IN 1944 DURING THE GERMAN RETREAT FROM ROME.

The two Roman barges which were recovered from Lake Nemi between 1928 and 1931 and were housed in a museum there were destroyed during the German retreat from Rome in 1944. Models of these interesting vessels have now been made at Castellamare, each about 46 ft. long, approximately one-fifth the size of the originals, and have now been placed in the reconstructed museum. The models were taken by road to their destination.



THE SINKING OF THE U.S. DESTROYER-MINE-SWEEPER HOBSON: AN OIL-COVERED SURVIVOR BEING HAULED ABOARD WASP.

On the night of April 26-27, the U.S. destroyer-mine-sweeper *Hobson* was in collision with the U.S. aircraft-carrier *Wasp*. *Hobson* sank four minutes after the collision, with a loss of 174 lives. There were 61 survivors.



SCRUTINISING CHEQUES AT A DISTANCE OF MANY MILES: (ABOVE) A CHEQUE SEEN ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN AND (BELOW) A BANK OFFICIAL EXAMINING A DOCUMENT ON THE SCREEN.

A group of private banks have been demonstrating how television may assist the banker. Cheques and documents kept at Osterley, Middlesex, eleven miles from St. Paul's, by Glyn Mills Bank can be scrutinised on the receiver's screen at the bank's headquarters in Whitehall. The equipment has been designed by Pye Ltd. of Cambridge.

TOPICAL EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: THE CAMERA MAKES A SURVEY OF THE NEWS.



THE INDIAN TOURING CRICKET TEAM: A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT OSTERLEY, WHICH INCLUDES THE UMPIRES J. SCOTT (LEFT) AND A. F. BANFIELD (RIGHT).

The Indian touring cricket team played against Indian Gymkhana at Osterley on April 30 to May 1. The match ended in a draw. Our photograph of the team shows (back row, l. to r.) P. Roy, V. L. Manjrekar, P. Sen, G. Ahmed, C. D. Gopinath, C. S. Ramchand and D. K. Gaekwad; (front row, l. to r.) D. J. Phadkar, H. R. Adhikari, V. S. Hazare, S. G. Shinde and C. T. Sarwate.



WINNING THE 2000 GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET BY FIVE LENGTHS: THE FRENCH HORSE THUNDERHEAD II.

On April 30 M. E. Constant's *Thunderhead II*, ridden by R. Poincelot and trained in France by E. Pollet, won the 2000 Guineas at Newmarket by five lengths. *King's Bench*, *Argur* and *Agitator* finished second, third and fourth. *Thunderhead II* won one of his two races last year and won at Longchamp on April 14. He is entered for the Derby.



PELTED WITH STONES BY THE MOB: STEEL-HELMETED JAPANESE POLICE ENDEAVOURING TO DRIVE OFF DEMONSTRATORS ASSEMBLED IN FRONT OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



A JAPANESE CIVILIAN REMONSTRATES WITH THE POLICE: THE SCENE AS SHOTS WERE FIRED INTO THE GROUND NEAR THE MOB OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE. On May 1 a large crowd of demonstrators in Tokyo clashed with the police, who were forced to use tear-gas and fire-arms to disperse gangs of hooligans who set fire to cars and manhandled a number of Americans. The demonstrators broke through police cordons and entered the plaza in front of the Imperial Palace. The police then fired revolver shots into the ground and drove the rioters off.

GRANTED A CHARTER BY H.M. THE QUEEN: SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY.



THE MAIN BUILDING, HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON, WHICH WILL SHORTLY BE MERGED IN THE NEWLY-CREATED UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON.



THE WEST BUILDING OF THE NEW SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY, SHOWING THE REFECTORY AND COMMON ROOMS. THIS PART OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS DATES FROM 1940.



SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF LORD SWAYTHLING, WHICH WAS PURCHASED IN 1921 AS A HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR MEN STUDENTS.



HIGHFIELD HALL, SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY: A HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS WHICH WAS GIVEN BY AN ANONYMOUS DONOR IN 1929.



OPENED BY THE LATE KING IN 1935, WHEN DUKE OF YORK: A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY, WHICH WAS PROVIDED BY THE BEQUEST OF MR. EDWARD TURNER SIMS.



IN HIGHFIELD HALL, THE HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS (CENTRE, RIGHT PICTURE): A CHARMING STUDY BEDROOM, IN THE SPRING SUNSHINE.

On May 1 her Majesty the Queen granted a charter "to constitute and found" the University of Southampton, in which the present Hartley University College will be merged, once the necessary Act of Parliament has been passed. Southampton, which will be the thirteenth English University, will be entitled to grant degrees and the charter provides immediately for faculties of arts, science, engineering, economics, education and law, the last two being new. The new University's first Chancellor is the Duke of Wellington and the first Vice-Chancellor Sir Robert Wood. The Pro-Chancellors are Sir Samuel Gurney-Dixon and Sir Henry Tizard. The new University has its roots in the Hartley Institution, founded in 1850 by

the bequest of Henry Robinson Hartley, a Southampton wine merchant. Owing to litigation over the will, however, the Institution was not opened until 1862. In 1902, the Hartley Institution was incorporated as a University College; and it is during the fiftieth birthday of the University College that the University comes into being. In 1938-39, the University College had 268 full-time students; now the number is over 900; and in the years since 1921, the buildings (some of which we show) have been very largely increased and there are now five Halls of Residence, housing some 440 students. One of these Halls is only partly occupied at present and when completed will provide further accommodation.

EITHER because their minds were excruciatingly heated, or because they were inexcusably mean, a few people in this country have launched bitter attacks against General Weygand. Generally speaking, however, he has never lost the regard which was created among us between March and November, 1918. Some may criticise his actions in the Second World War; others have felt that his stature was not as great as they had previously supposed; but he remains in the great majority of British eyes an honourable man and a good soldier. Allegations that he was in any sense hostile to Britain are not credited, and no one has produced any solid support for them. His record of the part he played in the war is a tragic document.* It is written with dignity, but at the same time it is lively and highly interesting. Even if we do not admit the validity of all his arguments, it is well for us to note how some of our actions appear to an allied commander. If we think that the French were too quick to discuss the question of demanding an armistice from the Germans, they think we were too quick to discuss the withdrawal of the B.E.F. from France, and indeed to act in this sense. General Weygand indulges in no recriminations in any direction. His last words on Laval are that he had opposed him at every point but does not consider himself entitled to throw doubts on his sincerity.

For services rendered to France, General Weygand had been retained on the active list after he had reached the age limit. On the eve of the outbreak of war he was nominated to assume, on mobilisation, the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of French Forces in the Eastern Mediterranean. Six days later he was in an aircraft on his way to his post. He gives a relatively brief account of this period, which included visits to Turkey and Greece. He was concerned to create some hope of united resistance in the Balkans to the penetration which he foresaw that Germany would presently undertake. The difficulty was one that was to become familiar: the Balkan countries were afraid even to take preliminary engagements for self-defence, because their armaments were so hopelessly inadequate, while France was not in a position to send them more than a handful of obsolescent anti-tank rifles. On his first visit home he learnt of the miserable state of war production, especially in the aircraft industry. He avoids home politics and does not suggest that this was one of the legacies of the Popular Front, as it undoubtedly was.

One subject about which the writer has been sharply criticised is the project for air attack on the oilfields of the Caucasus, which were then, under the Russo-German pact, to a certain extent at the disposal of the Germans. Whatever may be the view about this subject, it had nothing to do with him, except that he had to draw up an appreciation of how, and how soon, it could be undertaken and to provide airfields in Syria for the purpose. The idea was conceived by General Gamelin and adopted by M. Reynaud, with British assent. General Weygand was therefore only the instrument, though he makes it quite clear that he in no way disapproved of the decision to make an attempt to destroy, on the soil of a country in alliance with Germany, a source of supply which might be invaluable to the latter. One cannot help thinking that all concerned greatly over-estimated the damage likely to be effected with the relative handful of aircraft that could have been assembled for the task and the small bombs of 1940. In any event, no prospect existed of carrying out such an operation before late June or early July, and on May 17 General Weygand was summoned by M. Reynaud to return to Paris at once.

A great deal has been written about the brief period of General Weygand's command in France, but not much that can be called authoritative. His account furnishes a valuable addition to the subject, even though it represents in the main a personal point of view. It is here that his restraint is so notable. The situation must have appeared even graver to him than is generally realised. Apart from the depth of the German advance and the complete inability of the French to check it, he found that the high command had become virtually frozen into inertia. The machinery of command was wretchedly bad, with General Gamelin sitting at Vincennes amidst a military secretariat, General Georges at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre with a staff of inadequate strength, and half-way between the two a strong General Staff preparing orders under the Chief of Staff of the Armies, but not providing the Chiefs of Staff of the two

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. GENERAL WEYGAND IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

commanders with the necessary organ of command. The equivalent of fifteen divisions had disappeared. Control was so chaotic that even arrangements for the journeys of the new Commander-in-Chief broke down. The factories were turning out a dozen aircraft a day. If General Weygand nourished any hope on assuming his post of repairing the damage, it cannot have been very firm, and it did not long endure.

The account of the Commander-in-Chief's relations with the President of the Council is discreet and the criticism in it is kept on a low note. The only episode about which the writer permits himself the use of strong words is that of the manner in which resistance was to cease when that grim decision had to be taken. M. Reynaud desired

them that, while it would be possible to send more, only a small proportion of their ground staffs and material would ever reach them, so that they would be deprived of half their value. At the end, they would probably be bombed on the ground when out of fuel after being hunted from one airfield to another as the French gave way. So the sacrifice of Britain's most precious weapon against invasion was likely to be made without avail. There can now be no doubt that any other decision would have been suicidal. It is difficult to feel as complacent about the whole sorry business of the failure to mount a serious counter-offensive to cut through the German corridor to the Channel coast or the withdrawal from Dunkirk. If it can be said that General Weygand is a little unreasonable about the question of air support, he is magnanimous about the other difficulties.

Some readers may criticise his attitude to General de Gaulle and feel that, if chance had put him in the place of that officer he might well have followed a similar line. This may be the case, but if so it is only fair to add that any other French officer who found himself in the situation of General Weygand would probably have followed his line. His period of office in the Vichy Government lasted only eleven weeks. It was followed by a task in North Africa on which he has the right to look back with satisfaction and pride. He found no real land forces in the country and, so far as it lay within his power, created them. They were certainly not well armed—that was impossible—but they formed a valuable nucleus of strength of which good use was afterwards made by Generals Juin and de Lattre. At the same time he kept alive a spirit of self-respect and the desire to resist when opportunity offered. He did his work only too well for his prospects of being allowed to continue it. Hitler became so dissatisfied with the position that he forced his recall, with the support of Admiral Darlan. General Weygand makes it clear that Marshal Pétain fought for him.

Again at German dictation, though he was not aware of this at the time, General Weygand then went to live at Grasse, in retirement. He was enabled to keep in touch with events because his A.D.C. was permitted to pay visits to Vichy. From Grasse he moved to a villa at Cannes. On November 8, 1942, a year almost to the day after he had left Africa, he was summoned to Vichy on news of the Allied landings. He found two parties, one still advocating that Germany should be humoured, the other pleading for a stiffer French attitude. He told the leader of the former party, Pierre Laval, that his policy was bringing ruin on the country and that the Germans were going to be beaten. He urged the Marshal that the time had come to take up arms on the side of the Allies. This time he was not allowed to return to the Riviera. He was on his way to Guéret, in the Department of the Creuse, when his car was ambushed by two German cars and he was arrested by the S.S. He was to remain a prisoner in Germany until liberated by American troops in May, 1945. He says nothing here about those sad two years and a half.

In 1948 I had the honour and pleasure of introducing to readers in this country a book by Commandant Jacques Weygand recording conversations with his father on subjects covered by the present volume. The earlier book indicated the General's point of view as clearly as this does, but "Recalled to Service" is longer and more solid. It contains a certain number of interesting documents, though not many. It is a useful historical contribution, which merits the recommendation of the Book Society. The background is supreme tragedy, the tragedy of a man incorporated in that of a nation. Many of us can recall the excitement we felt when it was announced that the veteran had been called home to take command of his country's forces; under the shadow of approaching disaster, and how we strove to believe, against our own better judgment, that he might avert the inevitable. We know now from other sources that he did momentarily produce a better spirit and more confidence; but—though, strangely enough, the confident Hitler did not see it—the German victory had been as good as won already and nothing could have avoided it at the moment when General Weygand took over. There was no room for a "miracle" on the pattern of that of the Marne or of the Vistula.



THE AUTHOR OF "RECALLED TO SERVICE," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: GENERAL MAXIME WEYGAND, WHO WAS APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE HOUR OF DEFEAT. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1939.

General Weygand is a Member of the Académie Française and was born in 1867, of Belgian parentage. He acquired French nationality and was educated at St. Cyr. In 1914 he was a Lieut.-Colonel commanding a Hussar regiment, and was appointed Chief of the Staff of the Ninth Army under Foch, with whom he served throughout the war. He was promoted General in 1916, and was High Commissioner in Syria from 1923 to 1924. From 1931 to 1935 he was Chef de l'Etat-Major Général de l'Armée and Commander-in-Chief of the French Army. On the eve of war he was recalled from retirement and appointed Commander of French Forces in the Near East. In 1940, following the German break-through, he was recalled to France and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, and later became Minister of National Defence. In the following year he was appointed Governor-General of Algeria and Delegate-General of the Vichy Government in French Africa. He was arrested by the German S.S. in 1942 and remained a prisoner in Germany until liberated in May, 1945.

to transfer the Government to North Africa and, in order to provide time for this, to fight on until the armies had to capitulate in the



"THE PRIME MINISTER GAVE ME THE IMPRESSION, INDEED, OF HAVING STAKED ON ME. I WAS TO BE A WINNING CARD. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF FORTUNE DESERTED ME?": GENERAL WEYGAND (LEFT) SOON AFTER TAKING OVER SUPREME COMMAND IN MAY, 1940, WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, M. REYNAUD, AND MARSHAL PÉTAIN.



"MY PROTESTS FOUND IN M. LAVAL AN IRRECONCILABLE ADVERSARY. IN HIS VIEW, EVERYTHING SHOULD BE ACCEPTED WITHOUT PROTEST: WE HAD 'BEEN BEATEN,' AND IN HIS MOUTH THAT WORD SO RESOUNDED THAT ONE SHUDDERED IN SHAME: IT WAS A POLICY OF SERVILITY": GENERAL WEYGAND WITH THE FRENCH CABINET IN VICHY, WITH MARSHAL PÉTAIN AND M. LAVAL ON HIS RIGHT.

Illustrations reproduced from "Recalled to Service"; published by William Heinemann, Ltd.

open field. General Weygand insisted upon an attempt being made to secure an armistice. The difference between the two solutions is better understood on the Continent than by us. However severe the terms of an armistice, they represent a code of rules, and they afford a certain measure of security to the remaining rights of a defeated country and to its citizens. Surrender in the open field, on the other hand, not only leaves the relationship between conqueror and conquered undefined at the time, but makes it liable to modification to an infinite extent at the changing whim of the former. There can be no doubt that General Weygand was right in advocating the course which was eventually adopted. This did provide some safety and even left a little power in the hands of the French Government. It was not, by contrast with capitulation, unfavourable to the former allies of France.

* "Recalled to Service: the Memoirs of General Maxime Weygand, of the Académie Française." Translated by E. W. Dickes. (Heinemann: 30s.)

THE EFFECTS OF ATOMIC BLAST: TESTS OF MILITARY EQUIPMENT IN NEVADA.



A MACHINE-GUN EMBLACEMENT ABOUT A MILE FROM THE CENTRE OF AN ATOMIC-BOMB TARGET. THE SANDBAGS SHOW SIGNS OF BURNING, BUT NO FURTHER INFORMATION IS GIVEN.



WRECKED BY ATOMIC-BOMB BLAST IN THE 'MAY 1' TEST: A RADAR VAN AND TRAILER. THE DISTANCE FROM THE BURST WAS NOT STATED.



A DUMMY DRESSED IN U.S. MARINE CORPS UTILITY DRESS WHICH WAS PLACED WITH APPROPRIATE WEAPONS IN A FOXHOLE NEAR THE ATOMIC BURST OF MAY 1.



A U.S. ARMY TRUCK WHICH HAD STOOD ABOUT 400 OR 500 YARDS FROM THE CENTRE OF THE TARGET AREA OF THE APRIL 22 ATOMIC BOMB TEST. NO OTHER DETAILS ARE GIVEN.



U.S. TROOPS WHO TOOK PART IN THE ATOMIC BOMB TEST OF APRIL 22, EXAMINING A TANK WHICH HAD STOOD 500 YARDS FROM GROUND ZERO.



AFTER FLYING THROUGH RADIOACTIVE CLOUD FORMATIONS FOLLOWING ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS, AIRCRAFT ARE WASHED AT PRESSURE WITH WATER AND "GUNK" (A GREASE SOLVENT).



U.S. AIR FORCE OFFICERS OBSERVING THROUGH SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND COATED WINDOWS THE INITIAL FLASH OF THE ATOMIC BURST.

In our last issue we reported the first three atomic explosions in the present series in Nevada, with especial reference to the third (that of April 22), in which a large number of troops took part. On May 1 a fourth bomb was dropped. This exploded at a lower height and was believed to be of smaller size, although the mushroom was, if anything, larger. 2150 U.S. Marines were present at the test, crouching in foxholes 7000 yards from ground zero (i.e., the centre of the target area). Following the explosion they took part in an exercise in the area. On this page

we publish a number of photographs of weapons and military equipment which had been exposed to the atomic blast at varying distances, some of which are not stated, during Tests 3 and 4. Although each picture tells its story, no further information was available at the date of writing. In the two bottom pictures we show the decontamination of aircraft and one of the tests for "flash-blindness" carried about by volunteer aircraft crews to observe with due precautions the effect of the blinding initial atomic flash.



A LAND OF FLOWERS FOR A BIRTHDAY GIFT: THE FLORAL MAP OF THE NETHERLANDS LAID OUT BY DUTCH CHILDREN BEFORE SOESTDIJK PALACE TO GREET QUEEN JULIANA.

In the early hours of April 30—Queen Juliana's forty-third birthday—a large party of Dutch children from the bulb-growing region laid out on the lawn before the Queen's balcony at Soestdijk Palace flowers to form a map of Holland and a birthday greeting. The map measured 55 yards by 38 yards and twenty-seven

lorry-loads of flowers—about 3,000,000 blooms—were used in the composition. The different provinces were blocked in with tulips of different colours, and the North Sea and the Zuyder Zee with hyacinths. Each provincial capital was marked with an orange circle, and inside this circle stood a basket of roses and

tulips. Queen Juliana was able to admire the map from her balcony and later went down to examine it in detail. In the photograph she can be seen on the lawn, not far from the "Hook of Holland," with her four daughters—Princesses Beatrix, Irene, Margriet and Maria—a little to the left. Further left, wearing a buttonhole,

Prince Bernhard can be seen walking along the path. Delegations from the cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam took part in the ceremony. A special feature about the new Amsterdam-Rhine Canal and the new Rhine mouth—which Queen Juliana is to open on May 21—will appear in our next issue.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN writing about "parlour plants" in a former article, I mentioned, among other things, a Clivia which, for some years, I have

CLIVIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



MR. ELLIOTT'S CLIVIA—A MODERN VARIETY WITHOUT A NAME—WHICH "THIS YEAR HAS PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME TWO HEADS OF BLOSSOM. AND WHAT SPLENDID HEADS THEY ARE! CARRIED WELL ABOVE THE THREE GREAT FANS OF STRAP-SHAPED LEAVES, THE UMBELS OF BLOSSOM ARE LARGE, AND THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS ARE PROPORTIONATELY LARGE."

been growing entirely as a room or window-sill plant. In writing then, I gave my Clivia honourable mention, but I did not give it the very high praise that I have since come to realise that it—and, in fact, Clivias as a race—deserve. I regret to say that, until quite recently—as far as Clivias are concerned—mine has been a wasted life. I have, of course, known Clivias, and seen them about, but somehow I have failed to appreciate their splendour, and have never realised their potential value as patient, willing and, at the same time, decorative domestic pets. As a small boy I had known Clivias as three or four pot-bound specimens that stood about in the cool vine-house. In due season they would flower, but little notice was taken of them, and they never came into the house for admiration. But one at any rate showed initiative. It became so pot-bound that, by sheer internal root-pressure, it burst its pot and had to be given a larger size.

Later I came to look upon Clivias as the sort of plants that "come in useful" in establishments where it was one of the duties of the head gardener to "furnish" certain definite fixed spaces in the hall, and perhaps the drawing-room, with grouped flowering and foliage plants. I regret to say I regarded them as no better than that.

Later, much later, I used to admire the superb exhibits of great pot-grown specimens of modern varieties of Clivia which the late Lionel de Rothschild used to show at the R.H.S. It was such varied experience—the poor, starved specimens of my childhood, the dreary, conventional "furnishing" use of them in stately homes and, finally, those unbelievably sumptuous exhibits from Exbury that somehow led me to feel that Clivias were not for the likes of me.

Then, some seven or eight years ago, I was given a rooted offset of one of the fine modern varieties of Clivia. It came to me as something choice, but without a name. As I had no suitable frost-proof greenhouse, it had to make do with a window-sill in the house, and there it lived and grew and flourished, and was promoted to a larger, and later a still larger, pot, until one spring it reached a size and strength that enabled it to flower. It was then that I realised for the first time what a truly wonderful plant a Clivia can be—patient and long-suffering, under conditions that would disgust and finish off many a less distinguished species and, when flower-time comes, a garden or, rather, a parlour event of the first magnitude. My unnamed Clivia is now, in mid-April, flowering for the fourth time since it came to me as a babe. It lives in a 9-in. pot, and has three leaf crowns, and this year has produced for the first time two heads of blossom. And what splendid heads they are! Carried well above the three great fans of strap-shaped leaves, the umbels of blossom are large, and the individual flowers are proportionately large. As to their colour, I find it practically impossible to describe, even by comparison with other flowers or objects. The nearest I can get is a warm and lively orange-red, softened perhaps by a touch of apricot, and shading in the throat to gold. I have asked several friends what colour they would say my Clivia is, and no two have suggested the same colour, and not one of them, in my opinion, has been anywhere near the mark. With flower colours it is always so.

Having grown my Clivia for some seven or eight years, and flowered it successfully for four years in succession, all under somewhat

primitive conditions, I have, just for curiosity, looked up the cultivation of Clivias in the text-books. To my delight, I find that my methods have been wrong on almost every point. For the information therefore of any of my readers who may have the good fortune to acquire a Clivia, and wish to grow it as a room plant, I will give a brief account of my unorthodox methods. Until last autumn my plant had lived in a window facing west, in a room in which there was usually a fire during cold winter weather—but not always. Last autumn I moved it to a living-room window facing east. The change does not seem to have made the slightest difference to the plant's health or flowering. The soil in which my Clivia is growing is just normal potting mixture, such as one would use for a fuchsia or a geranium—loam, silver sand, a little peat and a dusting of bone-meal. My watering—according to the books—has been all wrong. I water copiously both winter and summer, whereas during the winter months watering should be restricted to a minimum. Clivia seems ready to take all it gets. About May, after flowering is over, I give the plant an occasional dose of manure water—farmyard manure and soot soaked in a sack in a tub of water. I give a dose of this at intervals throughout the summer. This liquid nourishment has up to now been a luxury for Clivia, but as the plant becomes larger, more heavily rooted and pot-bound, it will become a necessity, for Clivias are one of those plants that should remain in

the same pot and soil year after year for as long as they will stand it. They may, of course, be shifted into larger pots, but there must come a limit to that process in the end. Therefore, in view of the conventional pot-bound conditions, feeding by means of liquid manure is necessary. As to increasing one's stock of Clivia, the easiest way is to remove an occasional side growth at a fairly early stage—that is, when it has pushed out from the parent root, and is just beginning to send out young roots. Its growth, in this way, is rather like that of a flag iris. Dividing an old-established Clivia plant would be a major surgical operation, akin to massacre, for the plant becomes a congested, tangled mass of fleshy roots. Young side growths, taken off as I have described, may be potted up in small pots, and are not difficult to root and establish. That was how mine came to me.

The only other item in cultivation that I can think of is keeping the leaves of the plant fresh and clean by sponging, or by overhead shower-bathing from a watering-can. The only pest that I have noticed on my Clivia is scale insect, those small, brown, oval, limpet-

like scales that appear on either side of the leaves. These are easily pushed off with the thumb-nail when washing the leaves. Pushing off these scale insects always reminds me of my Nanna, who used to warn me most solemnly that if I swallowed the similar scales that sometimes appear on oranges, it would most certainly give me whooping-cough. Whether I had whooping-cough before or after I tried the experiment of swallowing the scales from an orange, I cannot remember. But what strange bogies Nannas do think up!



"THEIR COLOUR, I FIND . . . PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE. . . THE NEAREST I CAN GET TO IT IS A WARM AND LIVELY ORANGE-RED, SOFTENED PERHAPS BY A TOUCH OF APRICOT, AND SHADING IN THE THROAT TO GOLD."

Photographs by Peter Pritchard.

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HERE AND THERE: A PAGE OF PICTORIAL CURIOSITIES IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA.



TESTING THE EFFECT OF EXPLOSION AT CLOSE QUARTERS: A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE CHARGE BEING DETONATED NEAR THE TAIL PLANE OF A SUSPENDED BOMBER.

This photograph was taken at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. An old *Flying Fortress* was suspended on cables and a spherical charge of 38 lb. of the high explosive pentolite was detonated within 8 ft. of the tail plane to gain information on the damage effects of blast. Pentolite, a mixture of P.E.T.N. and T.N.T., is an explosive much used by the U.S. forces.



ATOMIC CIVIL DEFENCE IN CANADA: A MODEL OF AN ATOMIC-BOMB BURST USED ON A MAP OF OTTAWA DURING A LECTURE AT QUEBEC ON CIVIL DEFENCE.

Civil Defence chiefs from all over Canada have been recently taking part in courses held at Quebec under the Federal Government Scheme. Here Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Croteau, the Commandant of the Civil Defence Technical Training Centre, is lecturing on the effects of an atomic-bomb explosion in a crowded city, and a model bomb burst is used to give the scale of explosion.



DESTRUCTION WITH A CONSTRUCTIVE PURPOSE: TESTING THE STRENGTH OF PRE-STRESSED CONCRETE DURING THE DEMOLITION OF A FOOTBRIDGE ON THE FESTIVAL SITE.

The demolition of a footbridge near the Festival Hall on May 1 was made the occasion of a series of tests to find the breaking-point. The bridge was one made of pre-stressed concrete—a modern technique which virtually makes of concrete a different material and which was explained in our issue of March 26, 1949. This bridge was built to take a load of 35 tons and, at the test, did not collapse until the load was raised to 85 tons (143 per cent. over design strength).



WHERE THE POSTMAN AND THE MILKMAN NEVER CALL AND THE FRONT DOORS NEVER OPEN: NUMBERS 23 AND 24—THE MYSTERY HOUSES IN LEINSTER GARDENS, BAYSWATER ROAD, LONDON. THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY IS GIVEN BELOW.



THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY: A VIEW OF THE SHAM HOUSE-FRONTES IN LEINSTER GARDENS FROM THE BACK—A GIRDER-SUPPORTED WALL OVER A TUNNEL ENTRANCE ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

There are two houses in Leinster Gardens, Bayswater Road, whose front doors never open and where tradesmen never call. The houses are, in fact, a sham—merely frontages held up by steel girders over a Metropolitan Railway tunnel entrance. They were built in order to avoid spoiling the appearance of the road.

EXCAVATING THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CYPRUS:

THROUGH THE FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF THE CIVILISATIONS OF OLD PAPHOS.

By T. B. MITFORD, Joint Director of the Kouklia Expedition of St. Andrews University and the Liverpool Museums.

IN 1951 the Kouklia Expedition of the University of St. Andrews and the Liverpool Museums completed its second season at Old Paphos, in Cyprus. The promising nature of the site, as indicated by the trial soundings of 1950, has been amply confirmed. Within a radius of three miles of the village of Kouklia remains have been found of almost every period of Cypriot history, from the Chalcolithic (c. 3000 B.C.) to the Medieval and Turkish, either in buildings or in tombs, thus testifying to the continuous occupation of this fertile coastal plain. A splendid limestone head in Assyro-Persian style of about 525 B.C., wearing the double crown of Egypt, possibly representing a priest-king of Paphos (Fig. 6), is one of many pieces of Archaic sculpture (Figs. 5, 7 and 9) obtained from the

this series of tunnels (Fig. 3) and passages, and the complete exposure of the building to which this most

the Persian siege-mound, of Herodotus and the Old Testament; and the tunnels may then be the saps by which this method of attack was countered, as in Thucydides' account of the siege of Plataea. Among the first tasks of the coming season will be the pursuit and clearance of

immediately beneath the surface soil a complex of walls, constructed of admirably dressed and drafted blocks.

A prominent hillock known as Laonas, which clearly is in some measure artificial, was trenched on two sides to a shallow depth. Its lower parts were found to be completely surfaced with stone, while the great bulk of the associated sherds proved to be of Archaic date. This, to our first glance, suggests that Laonas may in some sense be the counterpart of the mound of Site A., some 300 metres distant: both may be of similar construction and date, and both command Kouklia from the plateau's edge to the north-east.

Some interesting tombs, ranging in date from the Chalcolithic to the Archaic, were brought to our attention by the illicit activities of village "antiquarians." A mile to the north-east of Kouklia, on the ridge Vathykarkas, overlooking Nikoklia and the Dhiarizos gorge, a Chalcolithic cemetery was discovered, already partially looted. Here three pit-graves were excavated, poorly furnished with a painted beaker or jug or flask, small steatite idols and necklaces of shell; while the skeletons had either totally perished or were represented by a handful

of decayed bone. No trace of these tombs was to be seen on the surface; but when the topsoil



FIG. 1. THE MOUND OF OLD PAPHOS (SITE A.)—AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 1951 EXCAVATIONS. FROM THE EAST.



FIG. 2. WHERE ROMAN AND CRUSADER REMAINS OVERLIE THREE TO FOUR MILLENIA OF CYPRIOTE CULTURE: SITE C., NEAR KOUKLIA.

In the background a well-preserved ruin of a Lusignan manor, used as the H.Q. of the expedition; in the foreground, a Roman mosaic floor which was lifted to reveal below Mycenaean, Geometric and Archaic levels.

mound of stone, to add to those of 1950. Another unique find is the upper portion of a twelve-sided limestone column bearing on each face a deeply-incised syllabic sign, inlaid with asphalt (Fig. 4). The excavation of the mound (Fig. 1), now about half-completed, disclosed beneath it a fosse, or pit, and a complex of rock-cut tunnels and other passages. These from their contents appear to have been in use about 500 B.C., and had in certain instances been deliberately blocked. Within the mound itself there was widespread evidence of destruction by fire, its central core being largely composed of stones, statuary and architectural material embedded in a cone-shaped mass of lime. Clearly we have here the deliberate and drastic destruction of something which once existed on or near this spot—of some Archaic temple or group of sacred buildings, furnished with a wealth of votive offerings. Such a building or buildings may well be represented by the surviving three courses of a long wall of large drafted blocks, found at the very close of this season's work near the north-west corner of the mound. The mound suggests

substantial ashlar wall belonged. The mound was constructed beside a stout wall and tower of the late Bronze Age, composed of mud-brick, with subsequent additions and facings in stone. It is likely that here we have a portion of the defensive system of the city which remained in use until Classical times.

At Site C., on the western outskirts of Kouklia village and adjacent to the "Temple" of the 1888 excavations, a trial trench in 1950 had disclosed Mycenaean, Geometric and Archaic remains beneath the mosaic pavement of a large Roman building (Fig. 2). An extension of these soundings revealed the same sequence of occupations over a wider area. No structures have as yet been exposed which are demonstrably of the Bronze Age; but the wealth of Mycenaean sherds of excellent quality indicates that the immediate vicinity was the scene of intensive occupation. Two deposits of Archaic figurines were this year cleared at Site C., and go to swell those of the "Archaic Dump" of 1950. Further work in this area will, however, involve the removal of a village road which runs above the Roman building; but, at this point, near the heart, presumably, of the ancient city and certainly adjacent to the greatest depth of accumulated debris in the entire area, results may confidently be expected to justify the expenditure and the trouble which that will involve.

In addition to the work at Sites A. and C., soundings were conducted at various points both within and without the perimeter of the ancient city. All yielded promising results. Thus in the field Asprogi a burial was found, containing a dozen almost undamaged vessels of the LC III. period, both native Cypriote and Mycenaean (Figs. 10 and 11). It lay beside and under the corner of a building which, from the style of its masonry, may be of Archaic date. In the locality Hadji Abdulla a trial trench encountered



FIG. 3. POSSIBLY ANCIENT SAPPERS' WORK DURING A SIEGE OF THE MOUND IN SOME FAR-OFF AGE: A ROCK-CUT TUNNEL IN THE KOUKLIA MOUND (SITE A.).

had been removed, in some cases to a depth of one metre, the mouth of a simple pit, marked in several cases with a cap-stone, became apparent.

The existence of such a cemetery, remote from its settlement, would seem to be without parallel in Cyprus, where hitherto the burials of this period have been found either under the house-floors or closely associated with the dwellings. At Timi, three miles to the north of Kouklia, a middle Cypriote cemetery was identified; while at Scalae, one mile to the south-east, two early Geometric tombs were investigated. The latter were untouched, and yielded abundant pottery of the so-called Proto-White-Painted and White-Painted I. styles, dating from about 1050 B.C. In one tomb, among some 120 vessels, were two of the Mycenaean III. B style—heirlooms of the fourteenth century—which have survived the radical disturbances of the twelfth. These and the richness of this Scalae tomb (for its furniture included a bronze bowl, bronze pins and finger-rings, in addition to a ring of gold), support the view that at Paphos the transition from the Age of Bronze to that of Iron was spared the upheaval and devastation which elsewhere are characteristic

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. A UNIQUE DISCOVERY: THE TOP OF A TWELVE-SIDED LIMESTONE STELE, BEARING DEEPLY-INCISED SIGNS OF THE CYPRIOTE SYLLABARY, INLAID WITH AN ASPHALT FILLING.

THE ANCIENT AND MANY-FACETED CULTURE OF CYPRUS, REFLECTED IN SCULPTURE AND POTTERY.

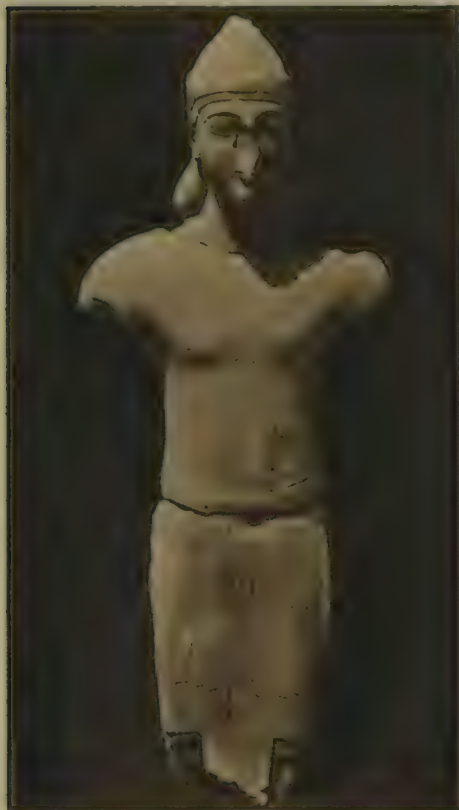


FIG. 5. IN THE EGYPTIANISING STYLE OF THE LATE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: A LIMESTONE STATUE FROM SITE A (49½ INS. HIGH).



FIG. 6. WEARING THE DOUBLE CROWN OF EGYPT: A LIMESTONE HEAD IN THE ASSYRO-PERSIAN STYLE, DATING FROM 525 B.C. (14½ INS. HIGH).

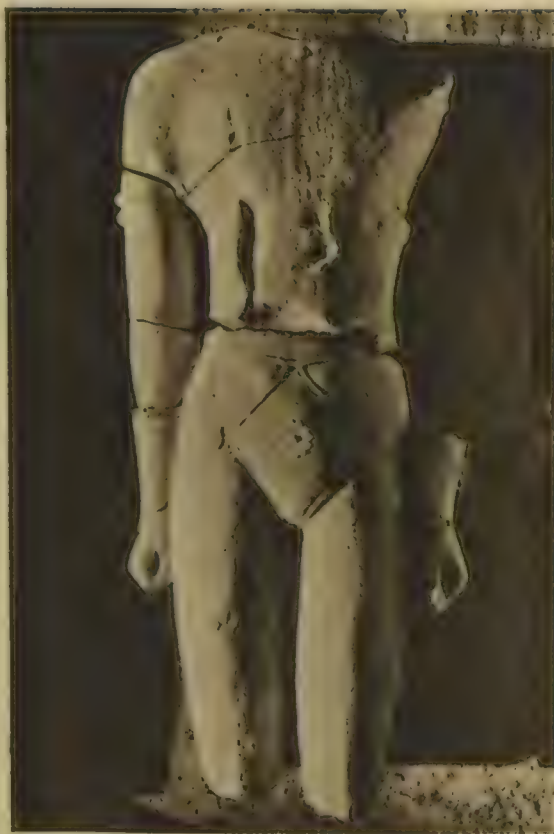


FIG. 7. WEARING THE "CYPRIOTE BELT," REMINISCENT OF THE DRESS OF PRE-CLASSICAL GREECE, AND A DOUBLE ARMLET: THE STATUE OF A YOUTH (73½ INS. HIGH).

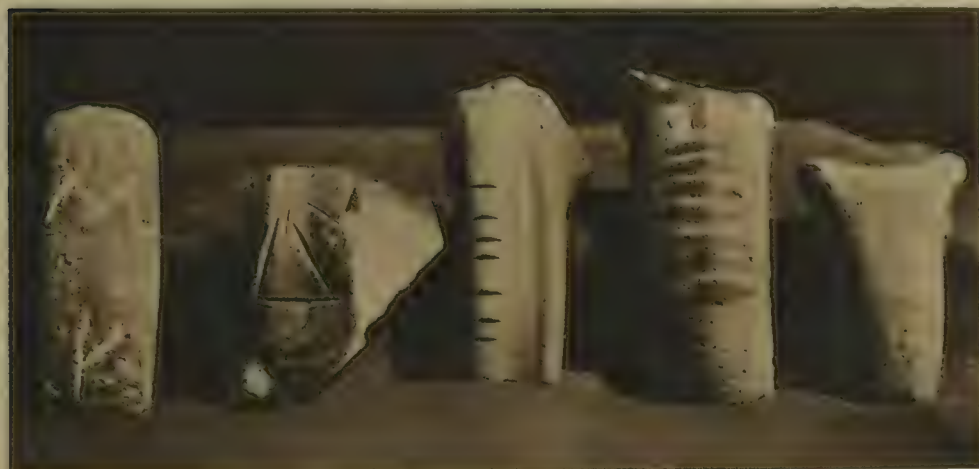


FIG. 8. JUG HANDLES FOUND AT KOUKLIA, WITH INCISED AND-PAINTED SIGNS OF THE CYPRO-MINOAN SIGNARY, DERIVED FROM THE LINEAR WRITING OF MINOAN CRETE.



FIG. 9. STILL BEARING TRACES OF RED AND BLUE PAINT ON THE EYE AND BROW CREST: A FRAGMENT OF THE MUZZLE OF A LIMESTONE LION, AMONG THE FINDS MADE IN THE OLD PAPHOS MOUND (14½ INS. WIDE).



FIG. 10. A TWO-HANDLED FLASK OF SINGULAR GRACE, FOUND AT NEAR-BY ASPROGI: OF THE MYCENEAN III. A PERIOD, OF LIGHT YELLOW SLIP, DECORATED WITH RED PAINT.



FIG. 11. WITH THE CURIOUS BUT CHARACTERISTIC "WISHBONE" HANDLE: A LATE BRONZE AGE "MILK-BOWL" OR CUP OF WHITE SLIP WARE DECORATED WITH PAINTED DESIGNS. SUCH CUPS WERE ALSO EXECUTED IN METAL.

Continued.

of this epoch. Finally, near Archimandrita, some miles to the east, a tomb produced, among some thirty vessels of the Early Archaic period, an isolated juglet of the early Bronze Age, which is older by nearly 2000 years. The Kouklia Expedition conducted soundings also at New Paphos, ten miles to the north-west, the capital of Cyprus from middle Hellenistic times until the reign of Constantine's son. In view of the inveterate confusion of Old and New Paphos in mythology and history alike, it was considered important to ascertain the range of occupation in the latter. Twenty-nine pits were sunk

to virgin rock over a wide area in the vicinity of the modern harbour and light-house; heavy Hellenistic and Roman building was encountered almost throughout, with much pottery and sculpture of these periods. There was little or no trace of anything either Classical or earlier, a few Attic and three Mycenaean potsherds affording the only exception. These soundings must clearly be extended in the future to produce any conclusive results; but 1951 has provided in New Paphos a significant contrast with the rich Late Bronze and Early Iron Age levels of Kouklia. [All photographs copyright of the Kouklia Expedition.]

ROYAL OCCASIONS, DEFENCE EXERCISES, AND A NEW YORK BUILDING.



WOMEN MANNING A PILLBOX AT PORTSMOUTH DURING THE FIRST EXERCISE FOR THE NEW MINEWATCHING SERVICE. The first exercise arranged for the new Minewatching Service was held at Portsmouth on April 30. The seventy minewatchers, ten of whom were women, were all drawn from the Portsmouth area and had completed their preliminary training. They plotted thirty-two (Continued opposite.



MANNING ONE OF THE MINEWATCHING INSTRUMENTS: MRS. B. L. HUNTER, A MEMBER OF THE MINEWATCHING SERVICE. (Continued.) underwater explosions which were used to simulate mines dropped from aircraft. The Royal Naval Minewatching Service will be responsible in time of war for manning posts ashore and afloat around the coast of the United Kingdom and overlooking the principal navigable waterways.



AT THE BUILDING RESEARCH STATION: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STUDYING FROST ACTION ON COPING-STONES. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Building Research Station of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research at Garston, Hertfordshire, on April 28. During the tour the Duke tested the "bounce" of a bar of concrete reinforced by high tensile wires, giving it a spring equivalent to that of a wooden plank.



GLASS AND STAINLESS STEEL: LEVER HOUSE, NEW YORK, WHICH WAS FORMALLY OPENED ON APRIL 29.

Lever House, the new headquarters of Lever Brothers Company, New York, was opened on April 29 in the presence of the Mayor of New York. The building has an arcade open to the streets on three sides and a blue heat-absorbing glass and stainless steel main structure, rising twenty-one storeys from the third-floor level.



INSPECTING THE ROYAL NAVY SAILING ASSOCIATION'S YACHT SAMUEL PEPPYS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT TOWER PIER.

On May 1 the Duke of Edinburgh went to Tower Pier, London, to inspect the R.N. Sailing Association's 24-ft.-class yacht *Samuel Pepys*. Our photograph shows the Duke on board with the captain, Lieut.-Commander Errol Bruce. The vessel is to be shipped across the Atlantic to compete in the Bermuda Yacht races, which start on June 21.



BEFORE AN ATOMIC ATTACK: A SCALE MODEL SHOWING PART OF THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM FROM THE AIR.

Fire risks resulting from atom-bomb explosions are the subject of three courses being held for senior fire officers at the Fire Service College, at Wotton House, near Dorking.



AFTER AN ATOMIC ATTACK: A SCALE MODEL SHOWING THE PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

Two 5-yard-long scale models



NOT THE FEAT OF STRENGTH IT APPEARS: A FIREMAN CARRYING TWO PLASTIC PIPES FOR USE IN AN EXERCISE.

of a city before and after an atomic bomb attack will be used for demonstration purposes. New plastic pipes are now replacing the steel piping used previously for linking emergency water supplies.



DAMAGED IN A COLLISION ON APRIL 26-27 WITH THE U.S. DESTROYER-MINESWEEPER *HOBSON* DURING NIGHT MANŒUVRES IN THE ATLANTIC: THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *WASP*. It was announced on April 29 that a full inquiry was to be held into the sinking of the U.S. destroyer-minesweeper *Hobson* with the loss of 174 lives. *Hobson* sank in the Atlantic four minutes after a collision with the U.S. aircraft-carrier *Wasp*, during manœuvres on the night of April 26-27. There were no

RECORDING NEWS AND EVENTS OF NOTE: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NEAR AND FAR.



SUNK WITH THE LOSS OF 174 LIVES: THE U.S. DESTROYER-MINESWEEPER *HOBSON*, WHICH WAS IN COLLISION WITH THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *WASP*.

casualties in *Wasp*, although she sustained a 75-ft. gash in her starboard side. Shortly after the tragedy the Queen sent a message of sympathy to President Truman. A photograph of a survivor being hauled aboard *Wasp* appears on another page.



SEEN FROM THE AIR: BROADMOOR INSTITUTE, FROM WHICH JOHN STRAFFEN ESCAPED RECENTLY. PUBLIC DISQUIET HAS BEEN EXPRESSED OVER THE MEASURES TAKEN TO GUARD INMATES.

Public disquiet has been roused by the organisation of Broadmoor Institute (formerly Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum), following the escape on April 29 of John Straffen, who last autumn was found unfit to plead when charged with murdering two children. He was at large for five hours and has been charged with killing another child. An inquiry has been completed at Broadmoor for submission to the Minister of Health. Protests have been made at meetings of local inhabitants, and requests for additional security measures made. A demand that warnings should be sounded in case of escapes has also been voiced.



(LEFT.) FOUNTAINS ABBEY AS IT IS TODAY: A VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE GREAT CISTERCIAN FOUNDATION, SHOWING THE TOWER. IT IS BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON THE RIVER SKELL, YORKS.

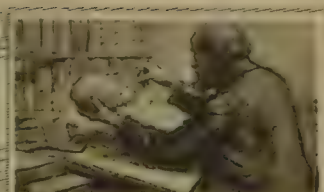
Visitors to Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, Yorks, will now be able to gain an idea of its appearance before destruction, through a scale model now on view in a museum between Fountains Hall and the ruins. The model was first proposed by Lt.-Cdr. C. G. Vyner, R.N. (Ret.), of Studley Royal, Ripon, and was designed by Mr. Arthur E. Henderson, archaeologist and antiquarian, who spent nine months on research. It is made of ivory-coloured plastic, hand-carved by Mr. Philip Kemp and Mr. Ernest Wilson, at Surbiton, Surrey, and has taken three years to complete.



FONTAINS ABBEY AS IT WAS: A SCALE MODEL OF THE MONASTERY CARRIED OUT IN IVORY-COLOURED PLASTIC, HAND-CARVED, NOW ON VIEW IN A MUSEUM ADJACENT TO THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



EXCITEMENT IN THE REPTILE HOUSE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WE had decided on a stroll round the Zoo, Neave Parker and I. It was a beautiful sunny day; but a sudden heavy shower drove us under cover, into the Reptile House. The purpose of our visit was to try for photographs of animals in action, and if there is one complaint I have against the Reptile House it is that the occupants do so very little, and do that little intermittently and at slow pace. So we walked around, admiring the colours of the lizards and doing little else, until we found ourselves in front of a cage containing a bright-green iguana lizard. It was the brilliance of its colour that first caused us to pause there. Then I noticed a curious something that I must have seen many times before, but the significance of which had escaped me until then: this was the use made by the lizard of its toes. The animal was sprawled over a mass of serpentine dead branches, and its weight was borne primarily by the belly and the tail. Where the legs offered assistance it was the ends of the legs that were pressed against the branches, and for all the use they were, the toes could have been dispensed with. Thus, the right fore-limb was pressing on a branch by the underside of the wrist, the toes suspended in mid-air in various attitudes of negligence. The left fore-limb rested on a branch by the upper surface of the wrist, the toes again in mid-air in a position of abandon. The right hind-limb was pressed against a branch by the back of the ankle, and except that one toe happened to touch a neighbouring branch, the story was the same. The left hind-foot came the nearest to fulfilling the accepted function of a foot, though this must have been accidental. In it, two toes only straddled a branch, the others hanging, again, in mid-air.

At my request, Neave Parker took several photographs, but the tangle of branches obscured the essential features, although he tried from different angles to get the required picture. Then we continued our tour, this time with a zest, for I had stumbled on an idea, new to me, at least, that in a lizard the value of the toes to the owner is severely limited. A cage or two farther on we came across another lizard, sprawled across some branches, and again the toes were so arranged that they clearly had little work to do. By now the idea had developed that toes have, in fact, no contribution to make in the matter of walking, that this important aspect of locomotion is dependent upon the stumps of the legs, so to speak. As if to prove it, the next cage contained a large monitor, from whose feet most of the toes were missing, yet it was as active as any occupant of the Reptile House and seemed in no way inconvenienced by its losses.

There is no need to continue the story in all its details. It is sufficient to note that every lizard or crocodile gave us the same evidence, that in walking it was the ends of the legs—as distinct from the toes—that took the weight, and as often as not the toes were not even resting on the ground. When one comes to think of it, this is no more than we should expect. Think of the stilt walkers: they manage very well on stumps, and they are bipedal, so that the foot, and the toes of which it is formed, are not even necessary for balance, although they may help.

It is the orthodox zoological view that in the course of evolution a fish emerged on to land, became

air-breathing, and its pectoral and pelvic fins were refashioned to form the pentadactyl limbs. So the amphibia arose. The process would have occupied many generations and involved many changes before even the simple amphibian could be recognised, but, put briefly and without bothersome details, something of this kind is presumed to have taken place. No

the important point about all this is that it left the toes free for special adaptation to particular tasks, in that they were not wedded to the function of walking. Changes could take place in the toes which did not affect adversely the primary function of locomotion, and their possessor could apply them to the appropriate special tasks. In other words, toes are, in an evolutionary sense, plastic material, to be moulded by chance mutation.

It could hardly be pretended that there is any profound thought here, but its realisation gave a new perspective that was of interest to apply elsewhere. Birds are supposed to be descended from reptilian ancestors, and it seemed worth while to consider how their toes were used and to relate the shape and size of the toes to their use. If, now, one started with the premise that toes were not essential for walking, at least it was reasonable to assume that they were necessary to give the spring in running. Ostriches, rheas, cassowaries and emus are all first-class running birds, so we had a look at them. In all, the legs are long and strong, but, contrary to my preconceived ideas, the toes are proportionately small, which goes to show how little we use our eyes and how much we take for granted. The proportionately large toes are found in such things as herons, that never run, but stand long hours on mud, and moorhens that habitually walk about over sodden vegetation. And in game-birds that scratch the soil for a living. Of course, the elephants gave us the finest example of a leg that is efficient for walking, or even running, and is practically devoid of distinguishable toes; or even the rhinoceros, that for all its bulk is no mean sprinter, has no toes worthy of the name. For that matter, it is difficult to find any mammal in which the toes are well developed that does not use them

primarily for some purpose other than walking and running, except where, as in horses, cats, dogs and cheetahs, the fastest runners, they have become definitively moulded for that particular purpose.

Returning to our reptiles, the toes, as we have seen, play little part in walking. Whether they do in running is difficult to see, because, on the rare occasions that reptiles really put on speed it is next to impossible to see what is happening with the toes. Moreover, not only are the toes called little into action for locomotion, but even the legs are dispensed with whenever possible and the belly and tail only used to support the weight. If, now, amphibia and reptiles are truly lineal descendants of fish-like ancestors, this is what could be expected, for in fishes the pectoral and pelvic fins, the forerunners of the limbs of higher-vertebrates, are mainly balancers.

Another advantage of viewing the function and origin of the legs and toes in this light, is that it is the more easy to understand how readily some amphibia, such as the caecilians and some of the newts and salamanders have partially or completely lost their limbs. The same thing has

happened in the reptiles. The slow-worm is a legless lizard, and the snakes presumably are the descendants from a lizard stock. Had the toes, or even the legs, for that matter, been as vital, as we usually suppose, to the welfare of the early amphibia and reptiles, the initial stages in their loss would have meant real hardship, leading possibly to extinction, certainly to grave disadvantages in the competition for a living.



ILLUSTRATING THE SMALL PART PLAYED BY THE TOES IN GRASPING OR SUPPORTING THE LIMB: A NAKED-NECKED IGUANA RESTING ON A TWISTING MASS OF DEAD BRANCHES IN THE REPTILE HOUSE AT THE LONDON ZOO.

We normally associate the feet, and especially the toes, with locomotion and with grasping, but even in reptiles, where the toes are long and flexible, they seem to play little part in movement or resting. Although, owing to the nature of its perch, it is not possible to show clearly in a photograph what is happening to the feet of this lizard, they are not carrying out the functions we normally associate with them. The right-hand fore-limb rests on a branch by the underside of the wrist, with the toes in mid-air. The left-hand fore-limb rests on a branch by the back of the wrist, the toes playing no part either in grasping the branch or supporting the limb. The right-hand hind-limb rests on a branch by the ankle, the toes hanging in mid-air, except that one accidentally touches a branch. The left hind-limb is almost dangling in the air, except that two toes have happened to come to rest on a branch, the others hanging free.



AT REST ON A TREE-TRUNK IN ITS CAGE IN THE REPTILE HOUSE AT THE LONDON ZOO: A NILE MONITOR (*Varanus niloticus*).

As in all the reptiles inspected on the occasion described on this page, the feet and toes seemed to play little or no part in the resting attitude or in locomotion. The body was supported by the belly and the tail resting on the tree-trunk, the legs and toes hanging apparently fully relaxed on either side of the tree-trunk.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

doubt the first amphibia were newt-like in form and, like the newts of to-day, they probably walked on the stumps of their legs—using the "stump" as a matter of convenience to indicate that the toes played no vital part in their locomotion. Soon the reptiles were evolved from these early amphibia, and they retained the typical five-fingered, or pentadactyl, limb, and also continued to walk on their stumps. Now

THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL IN MINIATURE: VIEWS OF THE MODEL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A VIEW OF THE MODEL OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH: SHOWING, ON THE LEFT, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH; IN THE FOREGROUND, THE RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL; AND RUNNING FROM SOUTH TO NORTH THE NEW CATHEDRAL, WITH THE CHAPEL OF UNITY ON THE LEFT.



LOOKING FROM THE NEW PORCH, LINKING THE RUINS TO THE NEW CATHEDRAL, TOWARDS THE ALTAR: A VIEWPOINT WITH THE RIGID GLASS SCREEN DECORATED WITH FIGURES OF SAINTS, IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE MODEL OF THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL VIEWED FROM THE NORTH: SHOWING, ON THE LEFT, THE GUILD CHAPEL AND, ON THE RIGHT, THE CHRISTIAN SERVICE CENTRE.



SHOWING THE PORCH LINKING THE RUINS OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL TO THE NEW CATHEDRAL: A VIEW OF THE MODEL FROM PRIORY STREET, ON THE EAST SIDE.



WITH A COVER DESIGNED AS A TALL, TAPERING FORM IN LIGHT STEEL SHEET: THE FONT IN THE NEW CATHEDRAL, WITH THE CHAPEL OF UNITY BEYOND.

Ever since it was announced on August 15 last year that Mr. Basil Spence, O.B.E., F.R.I.B.A., had won the competition for a design for a new cathedral at Coventry there has been much public discussion of the matter. In December it was announced that the Royal Fine Art Commission had approved the plans and appreciated the fact that some aspects of the design were being reconsidered by the architect, and that the proposals were still fluid. In January the Cathedral

Reconstruction Committee gave details of certain modifications, which included doubling the height of the original porch, changing the glass screen dividing the porch from the nave from a moveable structure to a rigid glass wall with doors, and the addition to the exterior of a slender spire surmounted with a Cross and a star. A model of the new Cathedral designed by Mr. Spence has been made and is now on view in the Royal Academy Exhibition.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FIRE MARKS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

evidently found a slight alteration to his surname a wise business move—which reminds me that not long ago I saw a milliner's shop labelled Davisée, which I thought an odd attempt to confer distinction upon

TO those of us who were present when London, or Plymouth, or Coventry, or Hull were burning on certain famous occasions, the mention of fire-fighting arouses grim memories. By contrast, a peacetime episode in which I found myself involved was entirely hilarious and remains etched on my mind with peculiar vividness after twenty years. At that period I lived in a wood which was about equidistant from two small towns, each of which was justifiably proud of its voluntary fire brigade. One morning a blaze a few hundred yards away made me leap from my bed at 3 a.m., and I dashed out, in dressing-gown and slippers, to investigate. Two or three hundred yards down the road a small thatched house was flaming like a torch. I ran to the door, which was open, looked inside, found it impossible to enter and withdrew unheroically to a cooler position. It turned out that the owner had come home late, had upset a lamp, and without more ado had decamped. Then the two fire brigades arrived and, to my delight, I found myself listening-in to a heated argument as to which was poaching on the other's territory. Meanwhile, the roof fell in and the flames died down. Finally, both brigades rather sulkily set to and quenched the embers. Came the dawn rosy-fingered and I went home and cooked bacon and eggs and made coffee. That was in the 1930's and, I am quite sure, was an unusual experience.

More than a century earlier similar episodes, so says legend, were frequent, but, as it were, in reverse, and for this reason. With the gradual growth of fire insurance, each company made itself responsible for the protection of the property of its clients and maintained fire-fighting apparatus of a primitive kind. Plaques, generally made of lead, were issued to the client by the company and fixed to the house wall. When an alarm of fire was given, all the private fire brigades would hurry to the scene, but only the one whose plaque was fixed on the building would deal with the fire. The remainder would hang around, in case the flames spread to property insured with their particular company. Brigades would consist of from fifteen to thirty men, with supplies of buckets, hooks, etc., and generally a manual engine. This system lasted until well on into the nineteenth century. Then, as fire-fighting gradually became the responsibility of municipal rather than private enterprise, the original reason for the marks disappeared, but for many years the companies continued to fix them on houses as advertisements—or was it from sheer force of habit? This insurance method of protection grew up to compensate for the old happy-go-lucky parish organisation by which the responsibility of providing buckets and other fire-fighting apparatus was placed upon London churchwardens, and existed side by side with it.

The first fire office appears to have been the idea of Nicholas Barbon, who opened his doors in 1667, and in 1680 formed it into a company, "The Fire Office," or "The Insurance Office at the Backside of the Royal Exchange." This Nicholas had a famous, or notorious, father—Praise-God Barebones—and

a very ordinary, if honourable name. The best array of fire marks known to me was gathered together by the late Dr. Kirk, and forms part—a very small part—of the immense collection of bygones (from grates and farm implements to shops and fire engines) now to be seen at the Castle Museum at York, and the accompanying illustrations are from the Museum's "History of Fire Fighting." The early fire marks are mostly of lead. Afterwards, when the various companies had begun to make their apparatus available for all fires, they were made of copper, brass, iron or enamelled plates. The great prizes are the pre-nineteenth-century examples, especially those which bear the property-owner's individual policy number. They are, of course, of special interest to insurance men, but you and I have to be singularly unimaginative if we fail to see how vividly they illustrate our rough island story. As for the professional fire-fighters, I can well understand the enthusiasm of one fire-chief who, when the alarm sounded, would send his men away with the inspiring cry: "Now then, lads! Off ye go. Get the fire mark first!"

An acquaintance with the history of the various companies is of course helpful—that is, when they were formed, and when the various amalgamations took place. For example, the Hand-in-Hand (Fig. 1) was formed in 1696, and passed to the Commercial Union in 1905. Judging from style alone, this particular mark certainly dates from the company's earliest years. Fig. 5, with its three burning castles, is the mark of the Dublin

Company, formed in 1750 and wound up about 1800. The General of Ireland and the Phoenix of Dublin appear to have used the same mark (Fig. 4). They were formed in 1779 and wound up in 1824. Phoenix of London (1782) has a similar mark but with, in my view, a less vigorous, more genteel phoenix. Each to his choice, but of the whole lot I prefer two early nineteenth-century marks—one with a prancing horse (whose stylistic ancestry can be traced back readily enough to Renaissance Italy)—the Kent Fire, founded 1802 and amalgamated with the Royal in 1901, and Fig. 2, the Yorkshire, 1824, which bears an impressive representation of the Minster. The Protector, which displays a large gentleman, large beaver hat, large flames, is amusing, but somehow lacks dignity. The company was founded in 1825 and had only ten years of separate existence: it passed to the Phoenix in 1835. There are several Norwich Union marks. One belongs to the old Norwich General, founded in 1792. It was taken over by the Norwich Union in 1821. A modern mark which may appear nostalgic to those of us who remember the days when a sovereign was a sovereign, and took one a very long way, is illustrated in Fig. 6—the mark of the Sovereign Fire (1873). By this time of day, these things are naturally by no means easy to find. It sounds almost incredible, but there are apparently modern fakes—as Dr. Kirk wrote: "It is very easy to fix new plates on old walls," and he mentions especially one mark which was only detected because of the smoky, new-cast appearance of the lead. If anybody thinks it worth his while to go into the mark-faking business in a big way, he would be well advised to bury his products for a year or two, taking a hint from the ingenious Chinese, who would go even further—they would, it is said, bury a faked bronze for a generation and more, thus ensuring an inheritance for their descendants.

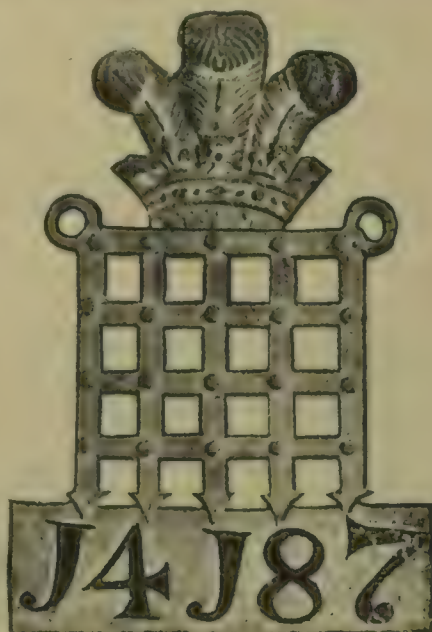


1. THE HAND-IN-HAND, FORMED IN 1696.



2. THE YORKSHIRE, FOUNDED IN 1824.

The great prizes for Fire Mark collectors are the pre-nineteenth-century examples, especially those which bear the property-owner's individual policy number. "The early fire marks are mostly of lead. Afterwards when the various companies had begun to make their apparatus available for all fires, they were made of copper, brass, iron or enamelled plates."



3. THE WESTMINSTER, 1717-1906.



4. THE GENERAL OF IRELAND AND THE PHOENIX OF DUBLIN, 1779-1824.



5. DUBLIN, 1750-c. 1800.

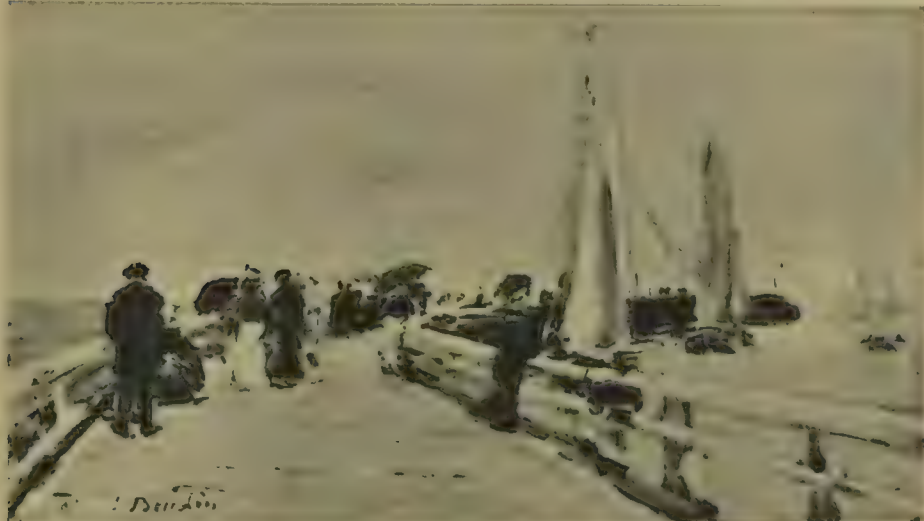


6. THE SOVEREIGN FIRE, 1873.

In the article on this page Frank Davis discusses the old Fire Marks, which were originally attached to houses by the various fire insurance companies, and describes the collection formed by the late Dr. Kirk, now on view at the Castle Museum, York. "When an alarm of fire was given," he writes, "all the private fire brigades would hurry to the scene, but only the one whose plaque was fixed on the building would deal with the fire."

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Castle Museum, York.

"PARIS—LONDRES" FRENCH PAINTINGS IN A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.



"LA JETÉE À DEAUVILLE," 1890 (DEAUVILLE PIER): BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898). A CHARACTERISTIC WORK OF THIS ARTIST. (5½ by 9 ins.)

THE "Paris-Londres" series of exhibitions organised by Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons at their Bruton Street Galleries is continued this spring with an interesting display of a collection of pictures, many of them recently acquired in France. It opened in April, and will continue until May 17. Many of the great names in the story of French nineteenth-century art are represented by important paintings, some of which we reproduce on this page. The show includes two examples of the work of Eugène Boudin, whose favourite scenes

[Continued below, right.]



"CÔTE-SAINTE-ANDRÉ," 1882: BY JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND (1819-1891), A PUPIL OF ISABEY. HE DIED AT CÔTE-SAINTE-ANDRÉ ISERE. (13 by 18 ins.)



"VILLAGE NORMANDE," c. 1906: BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). ALTHOUGH CRIPPLED BY ARTHRITIS IN LATER LIFE, HE PAINTED UNTIL HIS DEATH. (15½ by 21½ ins.)



"DANS LES COULISSES" (BEHIND THE SCENES): BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931), FAMOUS FOR HIS SATIRICAL PAINTINGS OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LIFE. (23 by 26½ ins.)

[Continued.]

and he also visited England. Pierre Auguste Renoir is represented by several landscapes and by his portrait of Mme. Henriot, painted in 1916. There is one Gustave Courbet in the exhibition, a good example of the noble and spacious landscapes which he loved to paint. Jean-Louis Forain was a *genre* painter of considerable gifts, who is best known for his satirical scenes of French provincial life, often set in Courts of Justice. Two of the paintings in the exhibition, the Renoir portrait of Mme. Henriot, already mentioned, and "Jeune Femme Voilée,"



"LA REMISE DES CHEVREUILS PRÈS D'ORNANS," 1866 (THE ROEDEER'S COVERT NEAR ORNANS): BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), WHO WAS BORN AT ORNANS. (31½ by 39½ ins.)

[Continued.]

were views on the Channel and North Sea coasts. His cool, limpid colouring and admirably placed groups of figures make his paintings exceedingly attractive. Johann Barthold Jongkind, although born in Holland, is considered to be an artist of the French School. He was a friend of Boudin and of Courbet, and like the first-named, he advised Claude Monet, while, in common with Courbet, he was a *protégé* of the great Italian art-patron and collector, Count Doria. Jongkind travelled extensively in France, Switzerland and Flanders, painting directly from

[Continued below, left.]



"PÊCHES ET RAISINS," 1896 (PEACHES AND GRAPES): BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1904), A PAINTER WHOSE FLOWER PIECES ARE CELEBRATED. (11½ by 16½ ins.)

a portrait of Berthe Morisot, the Impressionist painter, by her brother-in-law, Edouard Manet, are from the collection of M. Alphonse Kann, Saint-Germain-en-Laye. The title, "Paris-Londres," refers to the fact that the paintings shown in the series of exhibitions were practically all painted in France and brought to England; and also recalls the fact that the great British landscape painters, such as Constable and Wilson, were influenced by Claude, and that Constable and Turner, in their turn, influenced the French painters of the nineteenth century.



"PORTRAIT
CARICATURES"
OF TO-DAY.

A selection from
"Low's Company,
Fifty Portraits by
David Low, with
verses by Helen
Spalding and L. A. G.
Strong." Reproduced
by courtesy of the
Publishers, Methuen
and Co.



MR. EDEN, FOREIGN SECRETARY. "THE HAT THAT SAT
ON EDEN WOULD HARDLY SEEM TO NEED EN-COMIUM. . ."

For Mr. ANTHONY EDEN (above), a stanza runs:
*Though all agree he's charming,
Some find his charm alarming—
Forgetting that he showed
The honesty to doff his
Best Ministerial hat and set his soul
Above the fruits of office.*

MR. GRAHAM SUTHERLAND (right) inspires this
rhyme:

*The talent that expresses
Such conflicts and such stresses
Has quickly made its mark.
So don't be rude or frightened—
You'll either be enlightened
Or wholly in the dark.*



MR. GRAHAM SUTHERLAND, ARTIST. "CANVASES METAPHYSICAL
AND CORPSES CASTING QUIZZICAL AND ENIGMATIC LOOKS."

DENIS COMPTON, MIDDLESEX AND ENGLAND CRICKETER.
"OUR WONDER-BOY, OUR MAN APART."

DENIS COMPTON (above) is apostrophised as follows:
*Where normal heroes pledge their days
To county side or noted team
Denis in double splendour plays
And lives, in fact, a schoolboy's dream.
When centuries come flickering
Like summer lightning from his bat,
They seem to be the normal thing
And hardly to be wondered at.*

MR. ALEC GUINNESS (below) is neatly described
thus:

*Whatever part they allot him,
There's one sure way to spot him.
Ignore the rest
Pick out the best,
And ten to one you've got him.*



MR. ECCLES, MINISTER OF WORKS. "CONNOISSEUR
OF FINE ARTS, POLITICIAN OF PARTS."

A verse for Mr. ECCLES (above) runs:
*Though caustic and pungent,
The comments that one gent
May properly make on his neighbour
Do Tories no harm,
While they work like a charm
To abase the pretensions of Labour.*

For Mr. BEVAN (right) "A Fragment from *Aneurin
Agonistes*" runs:

*. . . Aneurin so
Uprose to affright the Peers and make the Party
Acknowledge and acclaim him Potentate.
It does: it damn well has to: yet bewails
Amid its acclamations. . .*



MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, FORMER MINISTER OF HEALTH, "A FIERY
CHERUB, SWORN ANTAGONIST TO ORTHODOXY."



MR. ALEC GUINNESS, ACTOR. ". . . HIS PRACTISED
ART MAKES FATNESS OUT OF THINNESS."

ON our facing page we reproduce a selection of
witty "conversation caricatures" by the
famous eighty-year-old artist Sir Max Beerbohm;
on this we illustrate six pencil "portrait carica-
tures" by a distinguished contemporary draughts-
man, David Low. They are selected from "Low's
Company, Fifty Portraits by David Low, with
verses by Helen Spalding and L. A. G. Strong,"
published by Methuen (42s.). Low has chosen
to represent some of the younger and newer
notables, and the versifiers—from whom we give
quotations—who have collaborated with him, de-
scribe them in neat rhymes, which they issue with
the pious hope that "their impertinences will be
taken in the lighthearted, friendly—often affec-
tionate—spirit in which they have been written."

"CONVERSATION CARICATURES" OF YESTERDAY: BY MAX BEERBOHM.



"DRAUGHTING (sic) A BILL AT THE BOARD OF TRADE. MR. CHURCHILL: 'OH, I UNDERSTAND ALL THESE FIGURES, RIGHT ENOUGH. WHAT WE'VE GOT TO DO, GENTLEMEN, IS TO PUT SOME—ER—HUMANISING GINGER INTO 'EM!'" MR. CHURCHILL WAS PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, 1908-10.
Lent by Sir Edward Marsh, who is represented, as a young man, on the right.



"A QUIET EVENING IN SEAMORE PLACE. DOCTORS CONSULTING WHETHER MR. ALFRED MAY, OR MAY NOT, TAKE A SECOND PRALINE BEFORE BEDTIME": A CARICATURE OF MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCILD, WHICH, IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER DRAWINGS REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE, IS ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.
Lent by Mr. Michael Rutherton.



"REVISITING THE GLIMPSES. SHADE OF R.L.S. 'AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE SHOWN ME THE NEW PREACHERS AND POLITICIANS, SHOW ME SOME OF THE MEN OF LETTERS.' MR. GOSSE: 'BUT, MY DEAR LOUIS, THESE ARE THE MEN OF LETTERS.'" H. G. WELLS, R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM, G. K. CHESTERTON, J. GALSWORTHY (MONOCLE), G. B. SHAW, ISRAEL ZANGWILL, MAURICE HEWLETT (L. TO R.), HILAIRE BELLOC (HAND ON HEART) AND RUDYARD KIPPLING (IN FRONT) 1911. Lent by Mr. A. B. Horne.



"INSECURITY. THE ART CRITIC (UNDER HIS BREATH): 'HOW ODD IT SEEMS THAT THIRTY YEARS HENCE I MAY BE DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH THESE LADIES.'" THE DRAWING REPRESENTS AUGUSTUS JOHN (RIGHT) WITH SOME OF HIS MODELS.
1909.

SIR MAX BEERBOHM, artist and writer, is one of the most brilliant caricaturists which this country has ever produced; and his art is in the direct line of succession to that of Rowlandson, Gillray and other famous satirical draughtsmen. He recorded the absurdities, oddities and extravagances of the Edwardian and early Neo-Georgian periods with sharply-pointed wit. Born in 1872, he was knighted in 1939 and now lives abroad. It is a number of years since he made any drawings, and thus the exhibition of his work which opened at the Leicester Galleries on May 1 under the title of "Max's" in Retrospect, represents the full range of his pictorial art. Many of the famous figures caricatured in "Max's" inimitable style are no longer living, such as G. K. Chesterton, so celebrated a contributor to *The Illustrated London News*; and some are forgotten, but at least one, the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, is a dominating world-figure of to-day, and Augustus John, R.A., is also prominent in 1952 Britain. The latter's autobiography, "Chiaroscuro," which appeared recently, has roused much interest and admiration. Royal personages were often caricatured by "Max," and Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. were among his subjects. His books include "The Happy Hypocrite" and "Zuleika Dobson," to mention perhaps the two best known.



"A LAW-GIVER. ROGER, FIRST KING OF BLOOMSBURY," 1931. ROGER FRY (1866-1934), PAINTER, ART CRITIC AND LECTURER, ORGANISED THE 1910 LONDON EXHIBITION OF THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS AND ATTEMPTED TO CONVINCE THE PUBLIC OF THEIR IMPORTANCE. HIS PAINTINGS WERE ON VIEW AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERIES LAST MONTH.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WOLVES, ANTS AND FROGS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHILE watching, and listening to, James Forsyth's "The Other Heart" at the Old Vic I found myself enmeshed in a complex web of memories. Thus, early in the evening, I recalled a passage from Moore's "Héloïse and Abélard" (about a Paris of the eleventh century) that summoned a "city of a thousand cries projecting its grey profile into the sunset; a multitude of towers and spires and thronging roofs above streets so narrow that they were already in twilight." When Villon was in the Bishop's dungeon at Meung-sur-Loire, I thought of the youth in Tennyson's "Harold" who dreaded:

the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head.

And old William Villon, in his madness at the end, reminded me of Lear's "Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side." So it had gone on. It is no bad thing when an author can so tease the mind. The worst occasions in the theatre are those (and they come seldom) when, almost from curtain-rise, the mind becomes torpid in despair, and the play hardly registers.

There is no question of torpor at the Old Vic. James Forsyth has taken the life of François Villon and tried to turn it into a romantic-poetic tragedy. If he has not succeeded fully, he and his producer (Michael Langham) have at least put upon the stage an extraordinary spectacle of the grim and wolfish world of which Villon wrote with so much fierce, buoyant courage.

It is, maybe, the externals that I shall think of first, the feeling of fire and snow, the cold glitter beyond the windows of Catherine de Vausselles, the shouting of the mob, the black depths of Villon's dungeon at Meung, the sunset in its crimson smoulder behind the country gibbet. Michael Langham and Hutchinson Scott, director and designer, have done finely for their dramatist; and he has, too, in Alan Badel a remarkable young actor. Few others, I imagine, would have done for Villon what Mr. Badel does, have given to us so sharp a sense of the Paris through which the wolves hunted:

Near Christmas, season deathly old,
When wolves eat wind and nothing more,
And men are held indoors by cold.

centre of the play. I do not think Villon would have grown so hangdog in the last scene; but here Mr. Forsyth has filled quite plausibly the blank in history when the poet disappears after his banishment from Paris on



"AN IN-AND-OUT AFFAIR THAT FINISHES MORE STRONGLY THAN IT BEGINS": "UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE" (ALDWYCH), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) THE QUEEN ANT (DIANA CHURCHILL); THE SCIENTIST (ALEC GUINNESS) AND THE CHIEF STATISTICIAN (ERNEST THESIGER).

January 5, 1463 (there was a disturbance in which Ferrebouc, a notary, was wounded). Irene Worth, like the wintry Paris itself, is ice and fire as Catherine de Vausselles, who brings Villon low; and Paul Rogers, as Uncle William, racked with grief, and Marie Ney, serenely right as Catherine's confidante, fill every cranny of Mr. Forsyth's text. We have not been in Villon's presence; but we have felt something of what Swinburne called:

the joy, the sorrow and the scorn,
That clothed thy life with hopes and sins
and fears,
And gave thee stones for bread and
tares for corn

And plume-plucked
gaol-birds for thy
starveling peers.

The wolves and gaol-birds of fifteenth-century Paris seemed to me to make better company than the ants under the sycamore-tree in a twentieth-century United States. I do not know the exact location of this ant-hill; all that can be said is that it is within poodle-trotting distance from the White House. Further questions should be addressed to Samuel Spewack, who created the comedy—"Under the Sycamore Tree" it is called—which is now playing at the Aldwych. It is another and a lesser "Insect Play," a mild satire on the human race as viewed through the minds of an Educated Ant and those he trains. At its best, as in the final scene, it is tender and touching; at its most superficial it is tedious. But



"A MILD SATIRE ON THE HUMAN RACE AS VIEWED THROUGH THE MINDS OF AN EDUCATED ANT AND THOSE HE TRAINS": "UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE," A SCENE FROM ACT II, OF THE FARCICAL FABLE BY SAM SPEWACK SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE BOY (ERIC PORTER); THE SCIENTIST (ALEC GUINNESS); WORKER (MADI HEDD) AND THE CHIEF STATISTICIAN (ERNEST THESIGER).

we passed to what the programme called a modern comedy, "Lords of Creation," at the Vaudeville. Since this was removed almost at once, there is no need to labour it here; but, for purposes of record, I have to report sadly that two dramatists used North Cornwall as the scene, and Donald Wolfit as the centre, of one of the most maladroit comedies for a long time (among those occasions, indeed, of which I spoke earlier, when the mind is hopelessly battered). The piece was about a plague of laughing frogs: large, athletic frogs, deposited in the grounds of a retired Admiral by his malicious neighbour, a Harley Street man (also retired, but far too active). This, which might also be called, I suppose, a farcical fable, baffled Mr. Wolfit as much as it baffled its audience, and only the frogs found real laughing-matter in an evening that left some of us sad and incredulous.

Wolves, ants, frogs . . . I hardly know what name to give to "Professor" Irwin Corey, at the Palladium, unless we can call him a blend of giddy goat, spring lamb and jabberwock. He is, so he says (according to programme), "the world's greatest authority," and—as at "The Other Heart"—we feel, during his turn, that something remarkable may emerge at any minute. Alas, the Professor never makes any connected statement. His first word is "However." He is an orator gone wrong. He is always, so to speak, jumping from the Swaying Stone to the Trembling Spur and back again: and he is so busy performing feats in mid-air above the gulf that he has no time for anything else. He is one of the most charming eccentrics we have had lately in the music-hall; even, if we must read between his lines, the effort—thanks to the Professor—is worth while. That is more than we can say of some other dramatic authors.



"AN EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE OF THE GRIM AND WOLFISH WORLD OF WHICH VILLON WROTE WITH SO MUCH FIERCE, BUOYANT COURAGE": "THE OTHER HEART" (OLD VIC), A SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY BY JAMES FORSYTH SHOWING (L. TO R.) CATHERINE DE VAUSSELLES (IRENE WORTH); IST GUARD (PERCY HERBERT); FRANÇOIS VILLON (ALAN BADEL); NOAH (ANTHONY VAN BRIDGE); MARIE (MARIE NEY).

It would be unfair to divert all credit from Mr. Forsyth. His François Villon is not the poet of the ballades; but, even if we do not meet the vagabond-poet himself, if we must take some of the names as labels only, we have still a turbulent, crowded, romantic melodrama. Though it may be too verbose here, too noisy there, and though its text may lack the right sultry glow, it is certainly designed on a large scale: an honest effort to splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.

Alan Badel, swooping, mercurial, quick alike in bravado and in fear, is boldly at the

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE GLASS ROOF" (New Lindsey).—A mercilessly verbose drama for three people in a top-storey flat in Amsterdam. (April 16.)
"VARIETY" (Palladium).—Sophie Tucker is well received; but the joy of the bill is the American comedian "Professor" Irwin Corey, the "world's greatest authority" on anything you care to name. (April 21.)
"THE ART OF LIVING" (Irving).—An intelligent and well-composed four-character play by an actor, Owen Holder, who has a company (Patrick Doonan, for example) in tune with his text. (April 22.)
"HIMA KESARCODI" (Arts).—A Hindu classic dancer of quality. (April 22.)
"UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE" (Aldwych).—Go to the ant, thou sluggard! Certainly, when Alec Guinness and Diana Churchill are at the other end, each admirably deft in a "farcical fable" by Sam Spewack, an in-and-out affair that finishes more strongly than it begins. (April 23.)
"LORDS OF CREATION" (Vaudeville).—The frogs they would a-wool go—but not for long. An unfortunate comedy, by Edward Percy and Lilian Denham, in which Donald Wolfit appeared, to our surprise, as a conventionally stencilled figure, a barking sea-dog. (April 24.)



A STAR-TURN AT THE LONDON ZOO: A SEALION LEAPS TO SECURE A FISH IN MID-AIR, WHILE ANOTHER IN THE WATER GAZES UP IN SHOCKED DISAPPOINTMENT.

Feeding time at the sealions' pool at the London Zoological Gardens is always an amusing and dramatic occasion, and the inhabitants put up a fine show of aerobatics as they dive and leap for their ration of fish tossed up by the keeper. Seldom, however, can a more vivid and amusing photograph of the scene have been secured than the snapshot we reproduce. It shows a sealion who has

successfully intercepted a fish which his companion in the water had obviously imagined to be practically "in the bag" for himself. Sealion is the name given to the larger members of the eared seals (*Otariidae*) forming the genus *Otaria*. The Californian form is the most common species in captivity, well known for its intelligence and its hoarse, barking voice.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

GENUINE, inside novels of the land are in a special class. Indeed, one might assert that they are not novels—because they are about the land: whereas the novel proper is about people. Of course, the name does not affect the charm. *Robinson Crusoe* is for ever thrilling, but it is not a novel; and farming stories draw one in the same way. Their true protagonist is Everyman; their theme is his contention with environment, with simple Nature. Therefore they cannot be too bald in detail; all the romantic force of the idea lies in the practicality and bleakness of its working out.

But, after all, stories which don't depend on character are few, and they are strictly limited in range. On peril of woodenness, the subject must be just right. In farming novels, to be sure, a little woodenness is rather a grace, and seems to speak integrity. But then it ought to be the merest touch. In "*Shameful Harvest*," by A. G. Street (Faber; 12s. 6d.), it has a really deadening effect, because the subject is wrong.

Yet one would hardly think so in advance. It is a tale of country life, starting in 1888 and closing with the last war. Three boys are born in the same village, on the same night. Each is a farmer's only son; but there are class distinctions. For Jimmy's father is a "little man," who milks his own cows; Duke Everett's is well-to-do; Fred's might be called the squire of Collingbourne. Still, they become inseparable playmates; and if there is a leader it is Jimmy, with his country talents. Then the two others go to boarding-school. Jimmy, the small man's son, is left behind, lonely indeed, but quite ungrudging, and contented in his own sphere. Later, when Fred goes on to France and Cambridge, it is Duke who minds. For Duke can't bear to be outshone. He envies Fred *en passant*; but he envies Jimmy with a sour heart. For Jimmy should be his inferior. He should have sunk into a yokel—but he never does. Always, the yokel is accepted and esteemed, even preferred to Duke. Until at last the thwarted appetite for triumph breeds a sick hate.

Meanwhile, the three are living out their lives. All are good farmers, but in different ways. Duke is ambitious, greedy, cautiously dishonest; Fred goes in heavily for public work; while Jimmy works his little farm, enjoys his sport and cares for nothing but his independence. Therefore he seems beyond the reach of malice. But not at all; when war breaks out, and independence can be made a crime, the power to save or smash him is invested in his old foe.

So this indignant novel, it emerges, is a tract for the times; it is not merely righteous, but crusading. But it evolves too late; its people are not good enough; and in the hour of tragedy their lives—never replete with interest—have been swept so bare that there is little pain in the event. Of course, the detail keeps its full attraction. But the drama does not come off.

"*Spring's Green Shadow*," by Cecily Mackworth (MacGibbon and Kee; 10s. 6d.), runs to the opposite extreme. It is a tale of youth, oppression and escape; it is completely feminine and self-absorbed, but in an oddish way.

Laura, who tells the story, is an exile in her own home. During the war, when she was very small and while her father was away, her ruthless, dominating mother had little time for her. Then he returned—not, as the child imagined him, in glory, but a peevish wreck, filling the house with unreality and "absence." Laura was dropped forthwith, and she is now irrelevant, in a duct of loathing. But she can climb an oak and look down on the "second village"—the village nobody is watching. She becomes a spy; and Mr. Howells, the master of the board school, is her chief obsession. He is a stranger from North Wales, and full of mystery, and always rigidly composed.

Later, she takes him as a father-image. It is smashed in public, by his own son; and Laura grows up and escapes to Paris, and even starts a love-affair. . . . But the young man is Idris Howells. So she is not escaping after all; Idris is not the present, but the haunting past. And she has absolutely no one else. Yet if they stay together, it is all up.

This is a strangely frozen little book. The theme is cut and dried; the self-absorption has a hard outline, not the poetic haziness of girlhood. The other characters are sharply observed, but rather drily felt; Mair, Mr. Howell's waspish little daughter, is perhaps the best of them. Yet it would be a brilliant piece of work, if it were not so airtight.

I should have liked more space for "*A Play Toward*," by Elizabeth Coxhead (Faber; 12s. 6d.). For here at last is a real story, with a real breeze and interplay of feeling, and a great deal of charm. The play itself—an open-air performance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by children of a Midland grammar school—falls rather short in sensibility and magic, but provides a focus for the "goings-on." Conflict is always seething underground between the Alney philistines—Councillor Goadby and his peers—and Dr. Littlejohn, who stands for sweetness and light. He is too good for his position, but he may be sacked just the same, indeed, on that account. And his more worldly wife exists in terror of a "handle."

Now she has suddenly to cope with two, and of the direst kind. One of the pupils has seduced a master; one of the staff has an "illicit household." All this to smother up at once, in a Dissenting and suspicious milieu, with a play on her hands!

The Midland scene, the tug-of-war between ideals and safety, the loves, the snobberies, the children—all are first-class. And all are beautifully recommended by the wit and style.

"*The Best Laid Plans*," by Anne Hocking (Geoffrey Bles; 9s. 6d.), is one of those agreeable, uncrowded thrillers. Hugh Warren has really no desire to murder his wife, yet it must be done. He is a thwarted novelist, he is in love with Julia Cosway, and if he married her his talent would blossom. And divorce is no good, since it is Kathleen who has all the money. So, with regret, he engineers a little "accident." And after that he is refused! Can such things be? Of course they can't; Julia is *really* his, another accident will fix it. But next time he is unsuccessful. While he is working up for a repeat, others are secretly exploring his initial efforts.

Not too exciting, but a gentle stimulus.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

SOUTHSEA'S Easter Congress had the goodly number of 237 competitors this year, of whom the strongest were drawn into the Stevenson Memorial Tournament or a short event designed for those whose callings precluded an absence of nearly a fortnight. I cull a brilliant game from each of these events.

In the first, P. S. Milner-Barry is routed by superb positional play against his favourite opening, the Vienna. He never makes the least headway. Note that 20. R×P would cost him the exchange by 20... B-B5, 21. R-B2, B-B4; and that there is really no defence to the crushing 24... R-B7 which threatens 25... Q-Q5ch and 26... Q×B, and if this bishop moves, the other is lost.

MILNER-BARRY	HORNE	MILNER-BARRY	HORNE
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	14. P-QR4	R-B1
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	15. B-Q2	Kt-Q5
3. P-B4	P-Q4	16. B-Q1	P-B5
4. BP×P	Kt×P	17. R-Kt1	P×P
5. P-Q3	Kt×Kt	18. P×P	Kt-B4
6. P×Kt	P-Q5	19. Q-K1	Q×P
7. Kt-KB3	P-QB4	20. B-K2	Q-K5
8. B-K2	Kt-B3	21. Kt-Kt5	Q×KP
9. Castles	B-K2	22. Kt×B	P×Kt
10. Q-K1	Castles	23. R×P	B-Q3
11. Q-Kt3	K-R1	24. P-Kt3	R-B7
12. B-Q2	P×P	25. B-KB4	B-B4ch
13. B×P	B-K3	White resigns	

The next game, won by a leading Birmingham player who "emigrated" to London at the end of the war, is full of delightful combative twists. 12. P-KB4, attacking knight and queen at once, could have been answered by 12... Q-Q5ch; 13. P-K3, Q-Q6. White's pawn sacrifice on move No. 13 was presumably hoped to relieve the congestion of his game. 17. P-B4 necessitated a moment of caution, as it threatens the nasty 18. Q×KtPch. The finish is beautiful.

STEVENSON	BLOW	STEVENSON	BLOW
White	Black	White	Black
1. Kt-KB3	P-Q4	12. Kt-B3	Q-B4ch
2. P-B4	P×P	13. P-Q4	Q×Pch
3. Q-R4ch	Kt-QB3	14. P-K3	Q-Q6
4. Kt-K5	B-Q2	15. Q-Kt3	B-B4
5. Kt×B	Q×Kt	16. R-K1	P-R5
6. Q×BP	Kt-B3	17. P-B4	Kt-B3
7. P-KKt3	Kt-K4	18. Q-R4	Kt-Q5!
8. Q-B2	Q-Q4	19. B-B1	Q-Kt3
9. P-B3	Castles	20. P×Kt	P×P
10. B-Kt2	P-K3	21. B-K3	P×Pch
11. Castles	P-KR4	22. K-R1	



22. R×P! 23. B×R Q-Kt5ch!!
White resigns, for if 24. B×Q, P×B(Q) mate.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SLAV HORRORS AND QUIET BRITISH JOYS.

READING "*Conspiracy of Silence*," by Alex Weissberg (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.), is like experiencing an incredible and horrible nightmare. Alex Weissberg was an Austrian Communist who went to the U.S.S.R., where he worked as a scientist for some years until his arrest during the Great Purge which followed the murder of Kirov. From 1937 until the Russians, with a duplicity which only matched that of the Germans at the time of the signature of the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact, handed over to the Gestapo the German and Austrian Communists who had sought refuge from the Nazis, he remained in prison. During these years he was constantly subjected to interrogation and constantly in danger of his life. At no time was he told of the specific charges against him, although, like so many others, he was asked to confess that he had headed a band of foreign spies and counter-revolutionaries who had planned to kill Stalin and Molotov on a hunting trip. During a great part of that time, too, he was in solitary confinement, and while seldom actually tortured in the mediæval sense of the term, he was subjected to many refinements of cruelty. During his imprisonment in Kharkov he was placed on the "Conveyor." This consisted of being interrogated while sitting either on a hard chair or, worse still, on a chair out of which the bottom had been cut, for as much as eighteen hours on end, while relays of G.P.U. interrogators asked him the same questions: "By whom were you recruited?" and "Who did you recruit?" over and over again in tones which varied from the wheedling to the violent. When Mr. Weissberg had spent a week without sleep and almost continuous interrogation on the "Conveyor," physical endurance could go no further. He broke down and signed a fantastic confession. No sooner had he recovered, however, after a night's sleep, than he withdrew his confession. His incredible obstinacy so baffled his tormentors that in the end they gave him up as a bad job and left him to rot in prison until the exigencies of policy led the G.P.U. to take him and others to the Lubianka Prison in Moscow, where they were treated almost like guests in a hotel and fattened up on bacon and eggs for breakfast and other delicacies, so that they could be handed over to the Germans in good condition. Mr. Weissberg and his fellow-prisoners estimated by an ingenuous method that between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000 Russian citizens were purged during the period after the murder of Kirov. Only when the G.P.U. started to arrest itself did the thing become a patent absurdity and Stalin called a halt. Mr. Weissberg's book is as convincing as it is terrifying. Take, for instance, this passage. "People who have never been in prison rarely appreciate that a prisoner's cell is his 'home.' It disturbs and worries him to be dragged out of it, and the thought of changing cells is always highly disagreeable. Later on I was to live in cells which were terribly overcrowded, but even those terrible places were 'home' to the prisoners, and they were always depressed and morally undone if they had to move. To be called out for an interrogation and then not allowed to go back to your cell is a horror and a misery whose nature it is almost impossible to convey to an ordinary man."

One curious aspect of the Soviet police state is the meticulous "legalism" (if you can call it that) with which the G.P.U. demands that a prisoner should sign his own confession. When Mr. Tadeusz Wittlin, the Polish author of "*A Reluctant Traveller in Russia*" (Hodge; 15s.), escaped from a German prisoner-of-war camp and made his way to what he considered was the freedom of Russia, he was promptly clapped into gaol. He could not be sent off to imprisonment until he had signed the order for his incarceration. As he remarks sardonically: "No sentence of imprisonment, deportation to the labour-camps of Siberia, or execution can be inflicted without the voluntary consent of the accused. It is an interesting fact that never yet has such consent been withheld. That is, indeed, the height of liberty." For his "crimes," which included the imaginary ones of counter-revolutionary and "diversionary" activities, leading a band of partisans which destroyed two Soviet tanks, and having been a journalist and a jurist in a capitalist Power, he was sent to be shot. The Soviet, however, at that time being in need of forced labour, he was sent off to one of the terrible camps in the Arctic zone. Ultimately he was liberated when, as the result of the Sikorsky agreement, General Anders's Polish Army was formed in Persia. His reaction to imprisonment and near-starvation are told in such a whimsical manner as at first sight to take the edge off their horrors. In actual fact, his dry humour ends by heightening them. Mr. Wittlin writes more attractively and evidently is a more attractive character than Mr. Weissberg. Both give us an insight into the incredible mind of modern Communist Russia. Both supply a devastating answer to the question: is rearmament really necessary?

Having supped full of horrors with the Slavs, it is pleasant to come back to this country and to a liberal humanist like Mr. H. J. Massingham, whose book "*The Southern Marches*" (Hale; 21s.) is the latest in the Regional Books Series. Mr. Massingham tells us that the particular region which he chose as his subject—the Welsh Marches—was one with which he was not familiar except as a casual visitor. Moreover he, as he says, had not a drop of Celtic blood in him and "decided the issue upon the thoughtless spontaneity of native love." The result is a gentle, leisurely and wholly delightful book with illustrations as pleasant as the text.

Two other books for the holiday luggage. "*Shore Fishing for Lobsters, Crabs and Prawns*," by B. R. Faunthorpe (Seeley, Service; 15s.), should add greatly to the interest of that seaside holiday and to the variety of the "Seaview" menu. I had no idea that there was so much expertise in prawning, while the pursuit of lobster and crab seems to be "the image of big-game hunting with half the danger." Well illustrated by photographs.

"*Flora of the British Isles*," by Messrs. Clapham, Tutin and Warburg (Cambridge University Press; 50s.), is a monumental work for both the expert and student botanist. As Professor A. G. Tansley says in his foreword, this book has been needed for fifty, and urgently needed for thirty years by all who are interested in wild plants.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

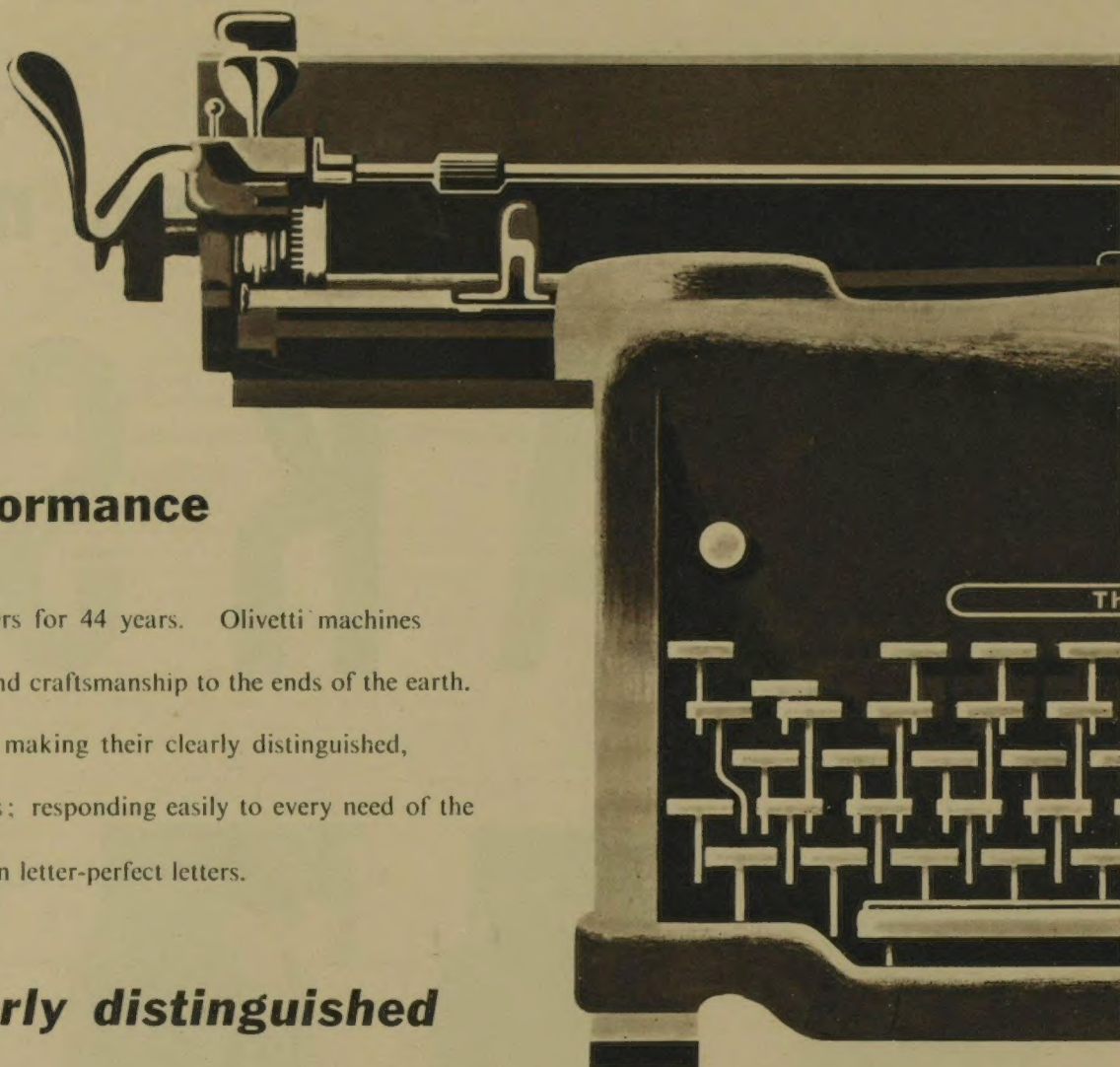
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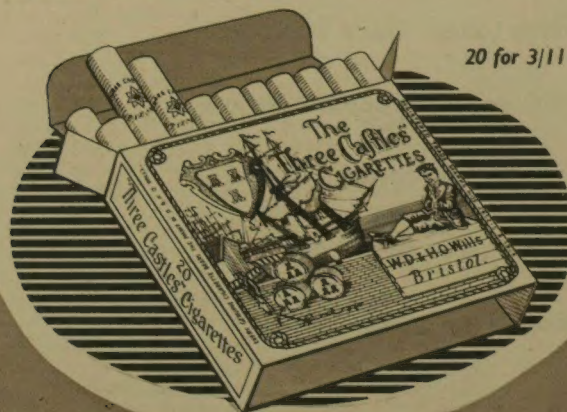
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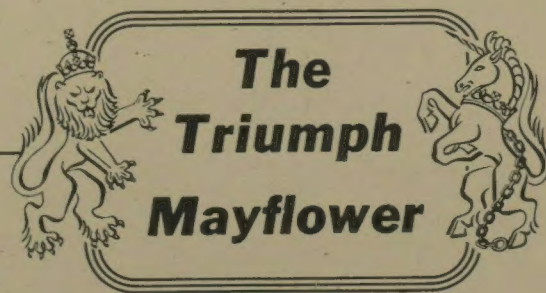
A view of Leblon, a suburb of Rio de Janeiro

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